

Petrillo, AFM Blow Horn June 9

Sparks But No Fireworks Due At Convention

New York—The AFM Convention, to be held in Santa Barbara, Cal., beginning June 9, is not expected to bring forth many fireworks, though a number of sparks are sure to fly.

It is anticipated that, as has been the case for the past three years, a good amount of convention time will be dedicated to lamenting the Taft-Hartley and Lea Acts.

Taking Steps

Petrillo will inform his conclave that the executive board, after four years of patiently waiting for the opportunity, has taken steps to legally combat the Taft-Hartley "featherbedding" restriction. This had, in effect, put a halt to the union's standby laws.

The AFM through its Washington legal department recently made a bid for a supreme court ruling on a several-year-old standby case.

It also is believed that the forthcoming presidential election may be mentioned prominently in view of prexy Petrillo's recent-year political awareness.

Hot Potato

The question of "canned music," long a hot potato in AFM conclaves, figures to come up for its greatest airing this year. The ASMA resolutions (see other story this page) could prove to be the most provocative item along mechanical music lines, though it also is likely that the question of use of recorded music on TV and radio for dramatic shows may be aired.

Would need Check

The latter proposition would involve an investigation of the AFM's five percent royalty arrangement for music usage on TV film shows.

It also is expected that the question of traveling bands (primarily name bands these days) will be raised with regard to loosening tax regulations and other restrictions.

MGM Pacts Skip Martin

New York—Skip Martin, noted west coast arranger, has been signed to a term contract with MGM Records.

He will form a house band for a buildup along the lines established with various bands at other companies. Skip is best known as the arranger of such Les Brown hits as *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.

'Down Beat's' Five Star Discs

The following records, representing the cream of the past two weeks' crop, received five stars in the record review section of this issue (see page 10).

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT.....*Here in My Heart* (Columbia 39745).
BILLY ECKSTINE.....*Hold Me Close to You* (MGM 11217).
FRANKIE LAINE-DORIS DAY.....*How Lovely Cooks the Meat* (Columbia 39693).
[*Sugarbush* (Columbia 39693).]
PEGGY LEE.....*Lover* (Decca 28215).
GUY MITCHELL.....*The Day of Jubilo* (Columbia 39753).

JAZZ

BILL DAVIS TRIO.....*Piccadilly Circus* (Okeh 6879).
WOODY HERMAN.....*Classics in Jazz* (Capitol H 324).

RHYTHM AND BLUES

LOUIS JORDAN.....*Junco Partner* (Decca 28211).
BETTE McLAURIN.....*I May Hate Myself in the Morning* (Derby 790).

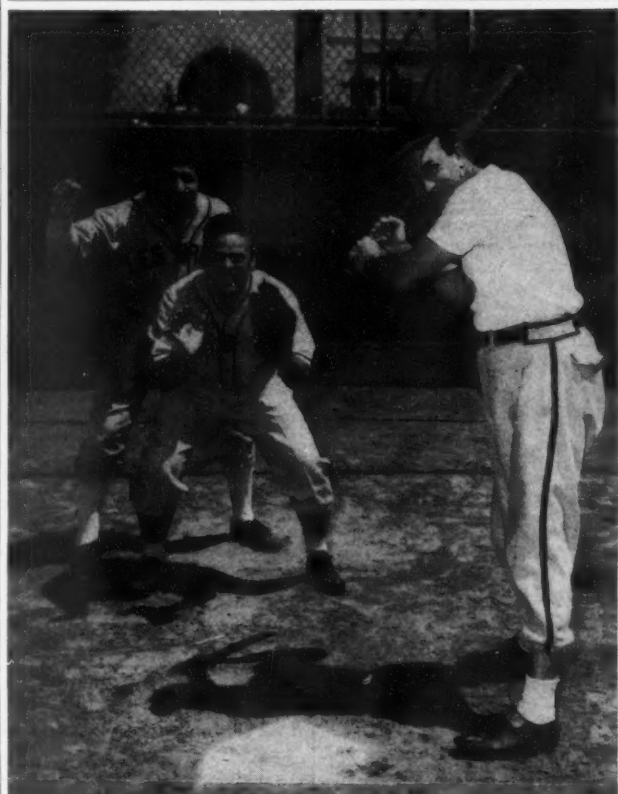
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PLAY BALL, Y'ALL! Ushering in the season appropriately here are Harry James, who has often said that his love of the horn is second only to his fondness for the diamond; Les Brown catching and Butch Stone, umpire.

Birdlandish Bistros Boom; Make New Music Market

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—Musicians, booking agencies, disc jockeys and the public are gradually feeling the impact of a new trend that is helping, as it spreads rapidly all over the country, to create a chubby, bouncing young market for good music.

It might be described as the Birdland trend, or the neo-52nd Street cycle. It takes the form of an increasing unofficial network of clubs that rely on small combos, either jazz or rhythm-and-blues (often on the borderline) to bring in the business.

What's remarkable about it is that many of these clubs don't charge any entertainment, tax, be-

cause they don't need to have singing as part of the entertainment; and virtually all of them have a no-dancing policy, even though a few use big name dance bands.

Hatched At Roost

"It really began during the mid-'40s along 52nd Street, then moved to Broadway when Monte Kay and Ralph Watkins started the jazz policy at the Royal Roost," says Irving Siders, the agent at Shaw Artists who has done much to

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Benedict Ray

Hollywood—Marilyn Morrison, 22-year-old daughter of Mocombo operator Charlie Morrison, was married to singer Johnnie Ray in New York May 25, just before his Paramount opening.

Miss Morrison during a formal interview, said: "It's not true that daddy objected to my marrying Johnnie. He was just opposed to singers in general, and now that he has talked it over with Johnnie by telephone he had decided that he wholeheartedly approves of him."

Prep Canned Music Plan; May Air Local Discontent

Hollywood—The American Society of Music Arrangers, headed by one-time Harry James arranger Herschel Gilbert (in the days when Harry carried a string section) will present at this year's convention of the American Federation of Musicians a new and wide-sweeping plan which members of ASMA contend would enable musicians to secure control of many recorded performances.

Hope For Jimmy

Hollywood—Bob Hope's final radio show of his current series will be presented before an audience comprised of AFM delegates to the union's annual convention as part of the opening ceremonies on June 9. The show will be transcribed for release the following day, and, if current plans come off, one of the principal performers will be AFM top Jimmy Petrillo, who can always be counted on to put on a good show.

Les Brown and his band take off on their regular summer tour at the end of the radio series, but the tour will be shorter this year in order that the Brown band can get back for an Aug. 12 opening at the Palladium.

Goodman Sets Classic Dates

New York—Benny Goodman, who will be staying around the east through the summer, has set several appearances during the next few weeks at which he will be assuming his classical clarinetist alter ego.

June 7, at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, he will perform at a huge benefit for Israel with Morton Gould and the New York Philharmonic. Other dates have been set in New Haven and Bridgeport.

Benny recorded again for Columbia last week, cutting some Fletcher Henderson arrangements with a big pick-up band. Some of these will be included in a forthcoming LP dedicated to the ailing arranger, now recuperating from a heart attack in New York City.

The convention this year will be held in Santa Barbara, about 100 miles north of Hollywood. Many musicians from here, particularly those who have been pushing for more vigorous activity on the part of AFM chiefs to find a method of outlawing, or controlling, the use of recorded performances for commercial purposes, are expected to attend the AFM's annual conclave this year. It opens June 9.

L.A. Reps

Local 47's delegates are president John te Groen (automatic), recording secretary Maury Paul (elected) and Charles Green. Latter was appointed to replace the late Al Meyer, Local 47 financial secretary, who died a few months ago.

Delegates from Local 767, the AFM's Negro subsidiary local in Los Angeles, are President Leo Davis (automatic), Financial Secretary Paul Howard and Recording Secretary Florence Cadrez. Latter two were elected.

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Finnegan, Sauter Record For RCA

New York—RCA Victor, first major label to incubate name bands a la Flanagan and Morrow, recorded the Eddie Sauter-Bill Finnegan crew here recently and will release the first sides soon.

Band, which features a mysterious "new sound" via an instrument not hitherto used in dance bands, the recorder or vertical flute, will be booked by Willard Alexander.

It had not been decided at press-time whether one of the two arranger-leaders would front the band or whether a third man might be brought in for this role.

Bands Jump On TV: Will Sub For Caesar-Coca, Maybe Perry

New York—Name bands are about to get their biggest break to date on television! At least one and possibly two of the best time spots on TV will be thrown open to the top orchestras when the *Show of Shows* and Perry Como take their summer vacations.

Show of Shows already has slated the bands as the summer replacement and GAC is supplying the Saturday night spot with a flow of its top name talent including Billy May, Ray Anthony, Ralph Flanagan, etc. Anthony will kick off the 13-week summer series on June 7.

Maybe Como, Too

The Como show will go off the air in mid-June and, at presstime, talent costs and line charges were being figured for a band proposition. Plan was to have one band play the three 15 minute segments that comprise the show each week.

Meanwhile, other TV shows have taken to using name bands in toto as guest stars. Latest to make the band plunge is the *Star Of The Family* show, starring Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. Neal Hefti and Frances Wayne (see page 8 and 9) guested on June 2 with their new orch. Kate Smith con-

tinues to feature bands on her show. And several band packages are up for sale on TV including those featuring Freddy Martin, Xavier Cugat, etc.

Cover Subject

DORIS DAY, as her background on the *Beat* cover points out, has had a hit record recently—possibly the biggest selling side in her Columbia career as a singing single—in *A Guy Is a Guy*.

As if her phenomenal wax success weren't enough, the lovely quondam Les Brown vocalist is going from strength to strength in her movie career.

Last year she showed her mettle as a straight dramatic actress by doing a fine job in a non-singing role in *Storm Warning*.

This season Warner Brothers will bring her to the nation's screens in *The Jazz Singer*, with Danny Thomas, *April in Paris* with Ray Bolger, and *The Winning Team* with Ronald Reagan and Frank Lovejoy.

Dance Band Revival Now Reaching The West Coast

By CHARLES EMGE

Hollywood—There are signs that the hoped for revival of interest in dance bands, and per se, the dance business (a surging wave reported to be building up in the east), is beginning to ripple through to the West Coast.

Some hold that the local situation has been much improved by the removal of AFM Local 47's restrictions under which musicians "quoted" in the radio or studio fields were barred from casual engagements. This permitted leader-arrangers such as Jerry Gray, Jerry Fielding, Sonny Burke, Buzz Adlam and others to play casual dates with bands built around their regular studio units or comprised of and featuring many of the ace sidemen who sparked the great ballroom bands of the late thirties and early World War II years.

Jerry Gray Example

A good example is the case of Jerry Gray. Until lifting of the restrictions last fall, Gray was unable to maintain a truly permanent organization for dance work, because most of his top men were quoted. During the past season he was able to play dance dates in this territory with a band that has remained virtually unchanged. And he expects it to remain essentially the same when he takes off on a cross-country summer tour, now being lined up by Joe Glaser's office.

Last summer when Gray went east, he didn't bother to take an L.A. band. He assembled a crew in New York. This summer he will take a band which will be essentially the same he has been using here on casuals. Regular line-up: Willie Schwartz (lead clarinet) and Ryland Weston, altos; Bob Cooper and Julie Jacobs, tenors; Johnny Rotella, baritone; Conrad Gozzo, Tommy Patton, Whitey Thomas, Frank Beach, trumpets (Johnny Best has been appearing as alternate from time to time); Jimmy Priddy, John Halliburton, George Arus, Milt Bernhart, trombones; Bobby Hammack, piano; Alvin Stoller, drums; Harry Babson, base; Tony Gray, accordion and novelty vocals; Lynn Franklin, girl vocalist.

No More Miller

Interesting development in the Gray band is a gradual departure from the Glenn Miller style, which Gray, as a former Miller arranger had as much, if not more, right than any other to copy. Gray is fashioning many of his scores so that they move along with a swinging beat, smacking mildly of the "progressive jazz" influence. He even has some numbers in the book featuring Babson's jazz cello solos.

Jerry's comment: "There will be no abrupt change of style. The sales of my album (Tribute to Glenn Miller) and the many requests we get for Miller numbers indicates beyond doubt that there is still a great demand

for the Miller flavor. But I'm very serious about this band of mine and I know that sooner or later we have to develop new, fresh sounds. I plan to do it—but gradually."

Burke for Bands

Many of the leaders forming new bands, or reorganizing for summer dance dates, hold that the day of the "big band" is over. An exception is Sonny Burke, Decca's west coast music chief, who broke out with a big Latin-rhythm-flavored unit at the Palladium last fall and has been doing weekend dates with (Modulate to Page 16)

The Hollywood Beat

TD Double Crosses DB—Interviews Interviewer

By HAL HOLLY

Hollywood—A local Down Beat staffer, trying to catch Tommy Dorsey for a quickie "interview" on TD's opening night at the Palladium here, where Tommy is playing his first date in nine years, found himself caught in a switch. It went something like this:

Tommy: "You guys know all the answers. I don't. Let me interview you. What's going to happen to the dance band business?"

Reporter (weakly): "Well—it's been pretty bad, but it's not going to die."

Tommy: "It will if the so-called jazz critics don't quit tearing our dance bands to pieces because we don't happen to play their particular idea of jazz."

Reporter: "Please—I'm not a jazz critic, just a reporter. I agree with you."

Genesis

Tommy: "Okay. What'll we do next to try to please the public?"

Reporter: "You got me. If they don't pack this place for your band, I'd be for starting all over again at the beginning with three brass, three saxes and a banjo and tuba in the rhythm section."

Tommy: "You know, that just might be the answer. If I don't get rid of that Casino Gardens down at the beach I've been stuck with, I just might try it there."

But Tommy Dorsey's return to the Palladium just might be an answer in itself. No figures on his

No Gamble

Las Vegas—Name bands are making large inroads in big-budget allocations for entertainment in this town's lushest night spots.

The Thunderbird is setting the pace, having slated for its podium Jimmy Dorsey (opening June 19 for two weeks), Billy May (opening Aug. 28 for three weeks), and Ray Anthony, who bows Oct. 3 for three weeks.

Harry James is starting four weeks at the Flamingo on June 13, and Ina Ray Hutton will work a fortnight at El Rancho Vegas beginning June 23.



25th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION of the Dorsey Brothers' entry into the music business with their original Scranton Sirens, and a farewell affair for JD as he closed his stand at the Palladium ballroom to make way for his brother's band to open the next night were celebrated at the happy reunion scene depicted above.

SONGS FOR SALE

Starring

STEVE ALLEN



While the number of people who try their hands at lyric-writing is staggering, it is certain that not nearly so many people attempt to create melodies.

The fundamentals of verse-writing can probably be mastered fairly well by a considerable percentage of people with more than a grammar school education, but musical inspiration is something else again. A certain mysterious "gift" seems essential, although nature has unprovisionally lavished the gift on so many souls that there is no possibility that all of them could put it to productive use.

Musical inspiration, it is safe to say, can not be taught. The mechanics of music, of course, can be demonstrated and imparted to the student, but unless a certain indefinable ability to conceive tonal sounds in relatively unusual succession is present, no amount of exposition can implant it.

Environment

Musical ability is not, however, essentially instinctive. It is greatly modified by conditioning, for an individual will only create the type of music to which he has been exposed. Thus composers educated in a classical atmosphere will write music in its classically traditional forms, people exposed to mountain music will write folk songs, and people who live in China will write Chinese music. Although this fact might seem to indicate that creative ability can be implanted in any mind suitably conditioned, evidence to the contrary is too powerful to be denied. The phenomenon of hereditary aptitudes represents a tempting diversion from our main purpose, but it would be wise here to only point out that the student desirous of obtaining more information on the matter may find it in psychological literature.

Pop Mechanics

While the popular songwriter need not have a vast technical background, it is, of course, advisable that he provide himself with as much general mechanical information as possible.

It is quite possible, by technical mastery, to compose melodies by entirely mechanical means, relying on one's knowledge of harmony to make almost any and all melodic combinations pleasant to the ear.

Many composers entertain friends by inviting them to hit three or four notes on a piano keyboard at random and then using these notes as the basis for a complete melody.

Harmonic Ability

Occasionally one can identify popular songs in which a melody-line, which represented a challenge to the composer, was established and then brought to satisfactory completion by sheer harmonic ability.

Harry Barris's immortal *Lies* has a range of only four notes. Most popular composers would be hopelessly stymied by such an unusual limitation, but by adept use of an essentially simple chord progression, Barris created a melody of lasting beauty. *All of a Sudden My Heart Sings* is another melody that represented a harmonic challenge to Herpin, its composer. It is simply the scale, first ascending, then descending. Harold Spina went even further when he wrote *Be Mine*. The entire song has a range of just one note!

Froman Gets New Pact

New York—So successful was Jane Froman's *With a Song in My Heart* album for Capitol that the firm has pacted her to record as a regular pop artist. A new release is scheduled soon.

Statler Skeds Elliot Lawrence

New York—Elliot Lawrence, heading a band made up of many Woody Herman alumni and sporting a freshly-written book by Tiny Kahn and Johnny Mandel, opened at the Statler hotel's Cafe Rouge on June 2.

Some of the ex-Herd in the band are Al Cohn, Al Porcino, and Ollie Wilson.

Will Von Tilzer, Publisher, Dies

New York—Will Von Tilzer, one of the founders of ASCAP and publisher of many noted hits, including *You Made Me Love You*, *Apple Blossom Time*, and *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, died here May 14 of a heart attack. He was 68.

New Sheet

Chicago—Novel gimmick started by the Blue Note here has met with big response from customers. The club prints its own newspaper every two weeks, a four-page 8-inch by 11 sheet that has feature stories on coming attractions, general music news, a roving reporter column, etc. It's sent out to the club's present mailing list of 20,000 and also put out on the tables. Sheet is edited by op Frank Holzfeind in conjunction with flack Bernie Asbel.

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Benjamin & Weiss \$pinning, \$pinning— Songs They Write Winning, Winning

By Mel Mandel

Rodgers and Hammerstein may be the best songwriters in the country but the hottest and most popular tunesmith team in America at this moment is composed of a pair of unassuming guys named Bennie Benjamin and George Weiss.

Benjamin and Weiss, currently at the top of the hit parade, are old hands at putting new phrases on young lovers' lips in the springtime. (They don't miss very often in the winter, either.) Witness: *Oh, What It Seemed to Be*, *Confess, Surrender, Rumors Are Flying, I'll Never Be Free*, and more philosophically, *The Wheel of Fortune*. Current entries: *I Hate Myself in the Morning* and *Lonesome and Blue*.

George Weiss reluctantly began his career, under strong maternal pressure, as a "Talented Child Violinist." The tedious hours of practice through his teens paid off handsomely when he switched to the saxophone at the insistence of friends who told of their glorious escapades in a social heaven in Upper New York State known as the 'Borscht Belt.' "It didn't quite turn out the way they said it would," says George wryly. "But it was good experience." Musical, that is.

Met in Pop's Shop

George Weiss' first venture into songwriting began, appropriately enough, in a music shop—his father's. It was here that he was introduced to an already popular songwriter, Bennie Benjamin. Bennie had written, with the aid of two other songwriters, *When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World* and a number of other songs. For George, the introduction, in itself, was a thrill. The two became steadfast friends . . . and for three years never wrote a song together.

Weiss' initial impulse had always been toward music. He began writing little songs and casually set words to them. His friend Bennie looked at them for months . . . but George never suspected that his friend was studying the lyrics!

In Service

Came the war, both went into service. They still hadn't written a single song together. When Benjamin was mustered out, he discovered things going on with his old co-writers that he did not "dig" in a business sense, and ultimately, he cut out. He sought out his friend George and said, "Let's go. You write lyrics."

Weiss was amazed. "You and me? You're out of your head. Me? Write lyrics?"

Bennie was firm. "You. You're it."

They took their first song to Santly-Joy. The publishers were split. They didn't know what to make of it. It was certainly different . . . but that title, *Oh, What It Seemed to Be*—"Seemed to be . . . what?", they asked.

'Bennie, You're Great'

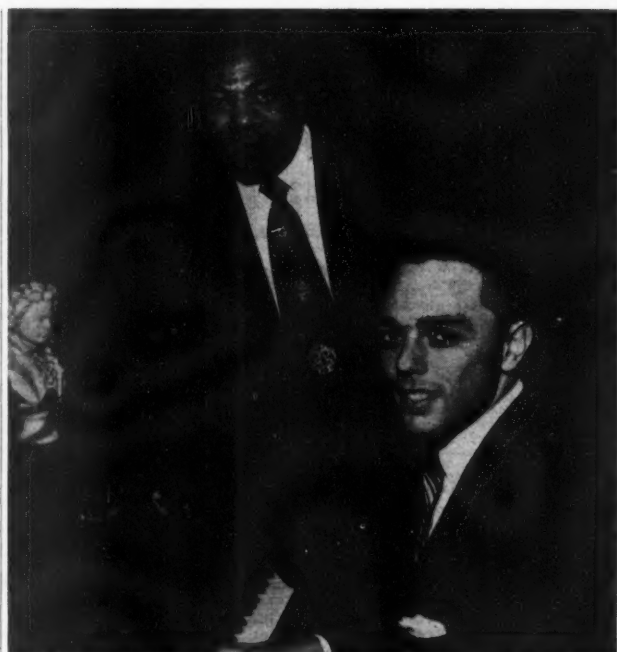
Quietly, friends of Bennie Benjamin's informed him: "Bennie, you're great. But why don't you get rid of the kid?" Bennie was vehement in his refusal. He had endless faith in the kid's abilities. So did another young guy with foresight—Tommy Valando, who was to become one of the most progressive publishers in the music industry and then was professional manager for Santly-Joy.

The song, of course, was a smash. A long line of hits followed. All with Weiss' lyrics, and of course, Bennie's music.

According to Benjamin and Weiss, hit songs are reflections of the mood of the public at any given time. "The current trend toward shouting," says George, "is actually motivated by the desire of the people in these confused times to latch on to something obvious, simple and earthy."

Let Yourself Go

"Here's a guy, Johnnie Ray, almost tearing off his clothes, emo-



LEFT TO RIGHT: Ludwig Van Beethoven, Bennie Benjamin, George Weiss.

tionally chanting in a very sincere, obvious way, about his innermost feelings. Johnnie Ray is the natural extension of what people are feeling, but can't quite say publicly. Johnnie Ray is giving vent to their own emotions . . . emotions they're afraid to release."

They continued, alternately.

"One of the main reasons for the success of the Billy May band is the use of unison saxes. Simplicity, repetitive riff, unadorned. Again—obvious, real . . . easy to understand."

'Have Faith'

On careers and things. "Have faith. Somehow, when you hit the lowest depths of all, the break comes. No matter how tough things are, if you've got it, you'll make it."

Tough? Look reflectively at this team and you've got to think—talk about other guys having it tough! Here's a Negro and a Jew, the most baited of the minorities, working together. They don't talk about it, but there must have been plenty that could be termed "tough" to provide obstacles to success. It probably still amazes many that the team is able to exist, least of all to flourish.

No matter how you slice it, their success speaks well for our democracy and their guts.

Maggie, Hubby, Aces on Tour

New York—Margaret Whiting is touring with a special vaudeville unit assembled by MCA for a series of package dates. Others in the unit include Joe (Fingers) Carr (Lou Busch, Maggie's old man) and the Four Aces.

They played two weeks at the Chicago theater and open June 6 for a week at Loew's Penn theater in Pittsburgh.

Shadow Wilson Hurt

New York—Rossiere (Shadow) Wilson, noted drummer featured for some time with the Erroll Garner trio, was sent to Kingsbridge Hospital in the Bronx in critical condition after an accident here recently. A taxi in which he was riding crashed into a truck.

Shadow was reported to be suffering serious injuries of the jaw, nose and skull.

To Winthrop?

Chicago—First release of the newly-formed Topper record company here is a tune written by Bobo Rockefeller called *To You With Love*, an I'm-really-lonesome-type song which may or may not have any personal significance.

It's backed by *My Tears* and sung by Chicagoan Johnny Holiday.

Set ABC Aired, Movie For Nat

New York—Nat Cole revealed, during his Paramount theater engagement here, that shortly after returning to the west coast June 22 he will commence a series of coast-to-coast broadcasts for ABC.

The program to be known as the Nat King Cole Show, will be heard four times a week for at least 13 weeks. It will start out as a sustainer, will run 15 minutes each evening, and will feature Nat backed by his trio. Exact time of evening has not yet been set.

On arriving back in LA Nat will also confer with producer Joe Pasternak to prepare for shooting on MGM's *Small Town Girl*.

New York—Atlantic Records has bought the rights to some sides recorded by Erroll Garner in 1945 for the long defunct Rex label.

The sides, most of which were never released, will be combined to make Atlantic's newest Garner LP.

LA Leaders May Start Organization

Hollywood—Idea of a danceband leaders' association, groundwork for which is now being laid in the east (*Down Beat*, May 7) is echoed here in efforts of some local band and combo frontiers to establish something along similar lines, which they hope will eventually tie in with a national organization. Al Gayle, accordionist, who played the Biltmore hotel's afternoon dances here for several years is doing most of the leg work.

Most of the movement here comes from leaders who specialize largely in casual or club dates, a field in which the stiff competition has assertedly led to some pretty sharp practices, and which is difficult to "police" under usual AFM union procedures.

The casual field is also subject to heavy inroads by non-union musicians, many of them high school and college kids who aim only to pick up a little extra money now and then and have no intentions of making music their profession.

Belafonte Screen Test Skedded By MGM

New York—As a result of visits by Dore Schary and other Hollywood notables who saw him recently at the Blue Angel, Harry Belafonte is being screen-tested by MGM with a seven-year contract in view.

Belafonte is booked by MCA and records for RCA Victor.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

The music business at this writing was hitting near rock bottom. Sheet music sales have fallen off; hit song sheet sales are running 50 percent below normal. Record sales are slow as well . . . Mercury Records ran into a snag with the Big Three music publishing house when the diskery shelved Bobby Wayne's slicing of *Saturday Rag* in favor of a hurried cover recording of *Rutza Rutza* . . . Vaughn Monroe, having finished his movie-making chore, is back on the road with his band. He'll one-night until May 31, then will vacation until July 3, at which time Vaughn will hit out for the summer location gold . . . Perry Como and Eddie Fisher have been paired by Victor for the soon-to-be-released *Watermelon Weather* and *Maybe*.

Phil Brown, who was associated with band booking departments at the William Morris Agency and with Willard Alexander, has taken on a booking post in charge of the Dallas office for General Artists Corporation. He will fill a post vacated by the death of Frank Foster . . . The convention of the National Association of Music Merchants will be run off at the Hotel New Yorker here July 28 thru 31 . . . Georgia Gibbs has switched booking management from William Morris to General Artists Corporation . . . The Warner Theater here, which resumed vaude-band shows a couple of months ago after a one year hiatus, may shutter this month, presumably because of a shortage of headline attractions.

Russ Morgan signed a short term booking deal with the McConkey Agency. This was after the Willard Alexander office had set his ork for an extensive number of dates . . . Bob Marks will move to Los Angeles to head the Coast office for the E. B. Marks music publishing firm . . . Confirming the item in the May 7 *Beat*, Perry Como will play both the Paramount, New York, and Chicago theaters during his six week layoff from his TV show. Dates will probably fall late in June and in July. The Paramount deal is an old commitment and, unless the theater management makes an adjustment with Perry, will probably not earn much loot for the singer.

When the TV *Hit Parade* takes its summer vacation, maestro Raymond Scott will put together his Quintet for a whirl of one-nighters and summer location dates. He will take with him Hit Parader Dorothy Collins. Miss Collins, incidentally, will be making her first Decca disks under a new pact very shortly. The quintet and singer was being sold in a package with the Buddy Morrow band . . . The Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, has resumed recording with Decca after almost a decade's hiatus . . . Charlie Barnet conducted for a Peter Lind Hayes-Mary Healy Decca diskings date recently . . . Publicist Nat Shapiro and wife, Vera, are proud parents of a daughter, Amy Louise, born on May 9.

Jimmy Ryan's, midtown Dixie stronghold, currently is featuring Wilbur De Paris and his "Rampart Street Ramblers" featuring the leader's trombone, brother Sidney's trumpet, Omer

Simeon's clarinet, Eddie Gibbs on banjo, Don Kirkpatrick at the piano, and Freddy Moore at the drums . . . Steve Conway, 31 year old English singing star, died following an operation late in April . . . Patti Page and manager Jack Rael in town to enjoy a six week vacation . . . Billy Eckstine opens at the Copacabana here on June 5 for a four week engagement . . . Jerry Gray shifted booking affiliations from MCA to Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corporation. Flip Phillips, out of the hospital after removal of a cyst on his neck, headed for the coast . . . Shuffle Along, the much-heralded revival of the Negro show hit of the 1920s, finally reached Broadway, was roundly panned, and folded after three nights, threatening to reopen after revisions . . . Edna Peartree, the latest singer described as "another Sarah Vaughan," signed with the Billy Shaw office . . . Anita Ellis, whose night club act is reviewed in this issue, landed the lead in the Leonard Bernstein-Marc Blitzstein Three Penny Opera to be staged at the Brandeis Festival . . . Billy May's band grossed a phenomenal \$4,456 on a one-night dance date in Pittsburgh.

CHICAGO

Brightest bit of news jazzwise around these parts is that the Benny Goodman Sextet may play two weeks at the Blue Note starting Aug. 15. The deal was near completion at writing. Elsewise, the club's schedule reads like this: the two Wild Bills, Davison and Davis, close June 12, Shearing opens the next day for a pair, followed by four weeks of Louis Armstrong, then Duke Ellington on July 25 for three weeks. Kenton comes back Aug. 29 . . . The Hal Otis trio now at the Celtic room of the Sherman. Replaced wandering violinist Vera, who was there for, roughly, 600 years. Hal's using girl bassist and accordionist . . . Kirby Stone at the Preview and Chamaco's rhumba band in the upstairs Omar room continue to do well.

The Velvetones are going into their second year at the Chicagoan hotel. Trio, headed by bassist Art Cavallieri, also includes guitarist Ernie Inucci and accordionist Al Romba . . . McConkey agency has signed Russ Morgan and will be booking him for at least the rest of the year . . . Don Ragon continues at the Glass Hat of the Congress hotel.

Frankie Masters into the Stevens, replacing Orrin Tucker . . . Organist Les Strand out of the Streamliner. Singer Patricia Scott, from Milwaukee, now working there, in addition to Lurlean Hunter, Ernie Harper, and pianist Dick Marks . . . Decca feted Dolores Gray with a big-type cocktail party at the Steak House the other Friday.

The Edgewater Beach hotel's Beachwalk is pretty well set for the summer, with Cugat again returning to the spot June 13 through July 3; Tommy Dorsey following until Aug. 8, then Ralph Flanagan until Labor Day . . . Topper records waxed Chet Roble, who's still working weekends at the Sherman Pianobar in addition to many TV duties. First release is *Ace in the Hole* . . . Jay Burkhardt's Monday

(Turn to Page 13)

CLASSICS IN CAPSULE

Current disc and album releases with ratings and once-over lightly commentary by classic specialist, R. D. Darrell. LP's only are listed. The ratings (separate for musical performance and technical recording quality) are: ***** Excellent, **** Very Good, *** Good, ** Fair, * Poor.

| DISC DATA | RATINGS | COMMENTS |
|---|----------------------------------|---|
| STANDARD WARHORSES | | |
| HARPSICHORD TREASURY (Bach, Mozart, etc.), Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA VICTOR LM1217, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | They say time softens all things, save the arteries, like Landowska, like Toscanini, gets even more pop and vinegar into her playing as she grows older. In this LP-transferred 1948 anthology, she beats her Floyel jacks into a frenzy in a grab-bag of heterogeneous material, from Mozart's Turkish March & Handel Harmonious Blacksmith to miniature Couperin tone-poems. |
| BACH: Piano Concertos 1, D min. & S. F. min. Lukas Foss & Zimmler Sinfonietta. DECCA DL9601, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | Sie 'em, Foss and Zimmler! Don't be Baching dogs who never bite! Both performances are immaculately clean, deft, and warmly expressive, but where is the driving momentum of the Fischer 78 (or even the Istomin LP) D minor? Fortunately, the F minor work is better suited to such elegant urbanity. |
| DAVID: Charmant oiseau & PROCH: Theme & Vari. Lily Pons, sop., with orch. COLUMBIA AAL14, 10". | ** Performance ** Recording | I'd skip these vocal trapeze acts (LP'd from two popular 1945 78's) except for the chance to remark on the coloratura's relative staidness as compared with her side-slipping intonation in more recent work—and to quote an eminent colleague's off-the-cuff comment: "Honi soit qui Lily Pons!" |
| MEINELSSON: Midsummer's DREAM & "Italian" Sym. Phil. Sym. & Cleva. Orch.—Seall. COLUMBIA ML4498, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | No, not again! After Toscanini's definitive RCA Victor edition, other phonocut conductors would be smart to insist on Midsummer layoffs. Seall does his customary able job, but 'tain't enough. . . Nor can his re-issued Italian Symphony of 1949, for all its zest, top the sonful Koussevitzky version. |
| R. STRAUSS: Rosenkavalier Acts 1 & 3 Finales, T. Lemnitz, etc. & orch.—Leitner. DECCA DL9606, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | Some 15 years ago, Leitnitz's was the most thrilling and best-controlled soprano I've ever heard. Later it got the shakes, bad, but despite some unsteadiness, it has echoes of its old glory here. And while there have been more dramatic phono-eds. of the Marchall's Menolog and Final Trio & Duo, none has more hypnotic atmosphere magic—drugged dream-stuff in excelsis! |
| VERDI: Otello, Duets & Solos. Steber, Vinay, Guarneri & Met. Cleva. COLUMBIA ML4499, 12". | ** Performance *** Recording | For all its not inconsiderable vocal & recording merits, this is painfully typical of too many current opera LP's—lacking true interpretative distinction. Guarneri sings strictly by rote, Vinay never can relax, and Steber's fine voice has all animation of a midnight sleep-walker. |

NOVEL SLANTS

| | | |
|--|----------------------------------|--|
| FRANCK: 3 Chorales & Priere. Clarence Watters, Trinity Col. Chapel Organ. CLASSIC CE1007, 2-12". | *** Performance *** Recording | A taste for organ-ized music generally has to be acquired. I haven't got it, yet I'm hypnotized by the sonorous chromaticism and angelic serenity of these intricate variations—Franck's last, perhaps greatest works. Watters' rich performances have more plecty than drama, but the recording (of sensational dynamic range) easily tops any organ LP's I've heard before. |
| SMETANA: Richard III & Haken Jarl. Czech Philharmonic Orch.—Anon. SYMPHONIC SRI, 12". | ** Performance * Recording | Smetana means sour-cream in Czech. . . Maybe that's why I have a yen for the composer as well as the food. . . Poor as these old Ultraphone recs. are (Rafael Kubelik is Mr. Anon., by the way), and old-fashioned as may be these symph. poems' dauntless heroism & soulful emotion—I love 'em dearly, but can't recommend them to anyone without a similar taste-weakness. |
| VILLA-LOBOS: St. Sebastian Mass. Univ. of Calif. Chorus—Werner Janzen. COLUMBIA ML4516, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | It's a great, glorious, and rare day when one wants to lead off a review with a wholehearted "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Nothing the versatile Villa-Lobos has done before anticipates the dramatic grandeur & insouciant feeling of this overwhelming Mass. Even if you habitually avoid both religious music and that for unaccompanied chorus, you can't afford to miss a true contemporary masterpiece and a transcendental musical experience! |

RARE VINTAGES

| | | |
|---|----------------------------------|---|
| FAURE: Requiem. Lyon Soloists, Chorus, Organ, & Orch.—E. Bourmauch. COLUMBIA ML4529, 12". | *** Performance ** Recording | This must be go-to-church week! To compete with a new Oceanic rec., Columbia digs deep in its 1939 vaults to relapse what was esteemed in its day as a connoisseur's jewel. And for all its age, it still has the old magic. Surely such rapturously ecstatic music never was sung and played with richer or more moving expressive ardor. Lead an ear, you sinners! |
| HAYDN: Quartets, Op. 77, 1 in G & 2 in F. Bernard Heifetz Strung Kl. ELAINE EMS501, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | In spite of my recent venomous remarks on string quartets, I honestly can—and do—get real kicks out of 4-string music and playing when they've got the gutty vitality & daring imagination of these last, great Haydn works and the resilient bounce & dashing spontaneity of these infectious performances by the synthetic but crack ensemble of Gullit, Robbins, Cooley & Heifetz. |
| MOZART: Violin Concertos 3, K.316 & 4, K.218. S. Goldberg & orch.—Guskind. DECCA DL9609, 12". | *** Performance *** Recording | No recent recs. (Stern's No. 3, Heifetz's No. 4, etc.) have impressed me as matching the ancient Huberman and Szigeti versions—nor do these. Satisfactory enough in fiddling deftness and in the Philharmonia Orchestra's light, cool-toned arco, they are just too dapperly slick & superficial. |
| MADRIGAL TREASURY (French, Italian, English), Renaissance Singers—L. Engel. COLUMBIA ML4517, 12". | ** Performance *** Recording | Lehman's evidently "compensating" for his Broadway-musical shores by returning to the great smoky, vocal chamber music of the Renaissance, but though he's learned a lot since his WPA madrigal concerts of 1937, he still hasn't mastered the art of "floating" what should be superbly air-borne music. His group does a fair enough job, especially with the French & Italian works, but they can't convey the magnificence of the Elisabethan masterpieces. |

Variety Is The Essential Hormone Of Musical Life

By ROB DARRELL

"The mass of men," as Thoreau wasn't the first to realize, "lead lives of quiet desperation." And as if one life wasn't rugged enough today, most of us find ourselves, before we know it, in double jeopardy—leading dual or multiple lives in a frantic attempt to find some means of integrating the various and seemingly irreconcilable aspects of our complex personalities.

So it's a dull day indeed when the papers don't run at least one story of an ultra-respectable stuffed-shirt banker and Sunday-school teacher who's been dipping in the vaults for years in obstinate effort to beat the horses . . . When a reliable veteran bus driver doesn't suddenly zip past the end of his route on a non-stop run to Miami . . . When skip-tracers don't finally catch up—in San Diego or Seattle—with a long and happily married Bronx papa who ten years ago stepped out for a pack of smokes, leaving the wife and kids waiting patiently for his return . . . Or when those of us who find it tough to cope with the problems of one job and one family, read goggle-eyed and enviously about the indefatigable hero who for years has been bicycling madly all over town, maintaining three or four wives, working under different names for a half-dozen employers simultaneously—and keeping everyone concerned (except possibly himself) entirely satisfied.

Why They Do It

How they do it, we weaker and less daring mortals never will

know. But for the answer to why they do it, all any of us has to do is to listen a little more closely to the babel of yearning voices crying in the wilderness of our own subconscious day-dreams.

Truly consistent single-mindedness is one thing man just isn't cut out to have. He can fake it for a while, as so many try to do, but eventually the pressures build up too high and his top has to blow. The guy who's smart, or blessed with plain good sense, provides himself with a lot of little safety-valves to release steam from time to time and thus avoid the risk of a disastrous, maybe fatal, explosion.

Musical Escape

Well, some of us find these safety valves in reading whodunits or science-fiction, in going to the fights and yelling for a batter to knock the other bum's block off, or threading our way through Sunday traffic to find a spot where we can rest our eyes on the fields and hills and sky as we contentedly hum, It's

So Peaceful in the Country.

And many of us find what we think of as "escape" in music. But not everyone realizes that the right kind of music offers us more than a safety-valve for our repressed urges, or aspirin for the chronic headaches of our too-often desperately thwarted lives. In music's heaven there are many mansions . . . including those that hold the promise of refuge, that offer us a new home, new companions, and the chance to live—even if temporarily—a different, less barren, and more rewarding "other" life.



DOUBLE SUCCESS STORY was credited to Rafael Kubelik, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, when he appeared twice in the best-selling classical record lists recently, thus also chalking up a first for Mercury Records. The items that attained the twin sales peaks are the Moussorgsky Pictures At The Exhibition and Dvorak's Symphony No. 5 (New World).

Not For Fipple Flutists

The ancients were highly dubious about the instrument Berlioz once dubbed the "demure high-school miss of the orchestra." Ovid feared that "the music of the flute is enervating to the mind" . . . while good old Aristotle warned that the "flute is not an instrument with a good moral effect: it is too exciting!"

So you may be risking both your health and character if you knock off for an hour or so to listen to all seven of the flute pieces from Handel's XV Solos for a German Flute (i.e., not a fipple flute or recorder), Oboe, or Violin With a Thorough Bass, Opera Prima, even if they're played by so reputable a pair as Julius Baker and Sylvia Marlowe in Decca Album DX 116, 2-12".

But if you've ever tootled a flute yourself, or you like to hear tops in flute playing, or even if you don't give a damn one way or the other where flutes are concerned—but relish the eternally verdant melodic wellspring of Handel . . . you'll want to hear these discs.

Baker caps his recent fine Decca series of Bach and Beethoven releases with his immaculately pure and gleaming-toned playing here. And if it's perhaps just a shade too formal and noble—well, one can't have everything, even from Baker.

His work benefits properly from the clean, pure recording, but that technical transparency isn't so kind to Marlowe and her harpsichord, for it exposes only too badly the pedestrian stolidity of her playing. And to be historically accurate, the figured bass properly should be discreetly reinforced by a 'cello or viola da gamba . . . But it's Julius the Fluter's Ball, anyway, and he at least makes the most of it.

Heaping Ravelioli Platter

The expanded time-limits of LPs seem to have been best appreciated so far by opera recorders. But now Columbia suddenly catches on that the complete piano works of a contemporary master can be collected on only three 12s and it gives Robert Casadesu the phone-chance of his career in ML 4518/9/20.

Vol. 1 grabs the Pavane pour une Infante Défunte back from Tin Pan Alley and adds the 5-piece Miroirs set, plus a couple of unfamiliar pieces "in the manner of" Chabrier and Borodin. Vol. 2 features the Gaspard de la Nuit poems, Jeux d'Eau, a very early Menuet Antique, and the original 4-hand versions of the Mother Goose suite and the Habanera (later used in the orchestral Rapsodie Espagnole)—in which Monsieur C. moves over on the 88 to make room for the helping hands of his Missus.

Vol. 3 presents the original piano-solo versions of Le Tombeau de Couperin & Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, and the whole tasty Ravelioli dinner is topped off with two petits fours—Prelude in A minor and Menuet Sur le Nom d'Haydn.

True Gallic Lucidity

Individually, all these pieces have been recorded before and sometimes even more excitingly. Pennario was flashier in the Decca Miroirs-Gaspard disc Beat-revved May 21; Gieseking's versions of many of these works were more sensitively poetic . . . But the Casadesu complete edition, occasionally almost too soberly restrained, is consistently admirable—planned, played, and recorded with true Gallic lucidity and romantic grace.

Ravel was an odd little monkey of a man, a definitely minor artist by natural gifts, who was willing to devote his whole life solely to the perfection of craftsmanship, and whose musicianship finally was developed to a degree matchless in our—and perhaps any—times. Jazzmen, in particular, have borrowed, swiped, and begged freely from the crumbs off his worktable, but even they may not realize how deeply they're indebted to this small but supreme craftsman until they restudy these collected keyboard works. Listen again, and learn still more!

Some of my stuffy musicologist friends probably look down their royal noses to find me bandying the sacred names of Bach and Handel about in pages primarily devoted to goings-on in the jazz and pops world. And no doubt some of the Beat's old-subscriber hipsters are affronted by the spectacle of a longhair invading their precincts. But for myself, I say a hearty "Nuts to both of ya!" In the first place, anyone who's really interested in the organized patterns of sound that make up music is—or should be—excited about any kind of sound-patterns . . . and especially in those that are new to his ears. And in the second place, variety isn't merely the spice of life—it's the essential hormone!

Music's One World

Pop and pop music aren't parasites on the "classics"—they're merely different languages (or slanguages, maybe) for expressing at least some of the same basic feeling-materials. The so-called classics themselves are not snooty or remote or intellectual art-works that have no meaning for the guy in the street . . . Again only the idiom is different (here, less colloquial): the themes and the dramas are the fundamental ones of common human experience.

Identities

Yet it isn't enough merely to agree to the principle that there are all kinds of music for all kinds of listeners. No individual can be identified, even by himself, as just one kind of listener—he's a different one for every aspect of his own diverse personality, and even for every shifting mood that all these complexes of personalities are constantly experiencing. Unless he puts the principle into actual practice, he's denying some parts of himself and their hungers . . . he's narrowing and repressing the rounded, natural, full growth and activity

of his over-all, multitudinous self.

Call it "compensation," if you will, as indeed I did in commenting this issue on Lehman Engel's turning from today's Broadway musicals to the madrigals of three or four centuries ago. But a psychoanalysis of Engel's motives is quite impertinent: the plain fact is that he realizes (and acts on the realization) there's something in his life that isn't satisfied with show-music alone—or with nothing but Renaissance music, for that matter. I don't happen to think he leads his madrigalists as effectively as he does his pit-bands . . . but I deeply respect and admire his efforts to do both to the best of his abilities.

The Problem

The problem for most of us, as listeners rather than as executants, is a lot simpler, for here the will serves more readily as the way. Getting something out of entirely unfamiliar music depends primarily on our willingness to adopt receptive attitudes—to forget what we expect to hear and listen with eager curiosity to what we do hear. And though it happened entirely by accident, I was delighted to expand the normal scope of this issue's disc-reviews with several works far outside what probably are the conventional orbits of most Beat-listeners' tonal experience.

I sincerely hope that at least some of them won't mutter, "Church music . . . Phooey!" and turn the page in search of livelier platter-fare. How can you be sure that even something like the Fauré Requiem isn't meat you need and will relish once you taste it?

"Be yourself!" is a bum steer. Most of us need to be a couple of other—and maybe better—guys once in a while. There's music on records that gives us just that chance whenever we're willing to take it.

Classicadenzas

By ROB DARRELL

MEMORY-BOOK MARKS: Celebrating a Ravel-Fest (courtesy Casadesus and Columbia, as revved hereabout this issue), my mind unraveled several stray wisps of remembrance. . . . My sister's setting a musicologicalist straight on the distinction between Ravel and Debussy—"They're of the same school, but not in the same class." (Quips run in the family like wooden legs. . . .)

Among the best years of my life spent practicing the pianny (I played with much feeling—for the keys!), those devoted to *Oiseau* (ristes, No. 2 of the *Miroirs* series. This was one of about two things I thought I finally came to play acceptably—that is, until I read in Landormy's memorial tribute the lines telling how, just after it was composed, "Ravel would play that magnificent piece again and again for his friends, who could not manage to capture its beauty despite all the composer's efforts and their own good intentions."

The one time I saw Ravel, as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony in 1928, when even his restrained gestures on the stand revealed unmistakably his consuming passion for precision, perfect proportions of every detail, and exquisite luminosity of every color nuance.

Records haven't been backward in honoring Maurice Ravel—and they owe more than they realize to the salespower of his work. Yet there are still some notes due. . . . One is a modern recording of his fascinating opera, *L'Heure Espagnole*. . . . Another is a complete, (but complete according to the full score, and with the specified choral parts) of the glorious *Daphnis & Chloé* music.

PECCAVI, RETRIBUTION, AND ATONEMENT DEPT.: A couple kind friends, as they always will, were quick to psycho my 21 May Beat-ing up of string quartets as evidence of an inverted love for string-scratching. . . . "You can't get that hot about quartets and quartet playing," they insinuate, "unless you're a disappointed or unrequited lover of the medium." . . . Cut it out, fellas—don't try to pull any enantiothy (you heard me) over my eyes.

I know I can talk plainer than that. . . . And they might be right to some extent. . . . Wasn't it Dewey, of whom some quipster claimed you had to know him well to dislike him? However, my brief wasn't so much disliking string quartets, per se, as raging when so thin and limited a medium is glorified out of all proportion to its actual worth.

And in case you're interested in what else I really like in the string-qt. disc-shelves, I'll commend you to two other comparatively recent LP's I've thoroughly enjoyed: The New Music Qt's Beethoven, Op. 59, No. 3 on Bartok BRS 909 and the Stuyvesant Four's Ravel Qt. on Philharmonia PH 104. . . . Both are notable and indeed the former makes me think the New Music group has just about hit the top in this field today (certainly 'way above the much more highly touted New Italian foursome). I respectfully tilt my topper to Messrs. Erle, Raimondi, Trampler, and Adam—and their recorder, Pete Bartok, as well—individually and collectively.

But. . . yet. . . still. . . I'd rather hear 'em as the mainsprings of a good quintet, sextet, septet, octet, nonet, or—what's next—decimething? And maybe, please, with a reed instrument or two just for astringency's sake.

BOOKWORM'S TURNS, Cont.: Reading about Shaw's autobiog in the 4 June Beat (one of the brightest feathers in Lennie's festooned cap), I noted that Artie subtitled his confessions "an outline of identity," and I remembered I'd once copied a few deep thoughts on that subject, from Doc Jung's *Psychological Types*, but natch. . . . Maybe Shaw will find them as awkward a pill to swallow as I do.

For the wise old Doc points out that "identity is primarily an unconscious equality with the object." And on it is "founded the naive presumption that the psychology of one man is the same as that of another, that the same motive is universally valid, that what is agreeable to me must also be obviously pleasurable for others, and that what is immoral for me must also be immoral for others, and so forth. This state of identity is responsible also for the almost universal desire to correct in others what most demands change in oneself."

Ouch!

Jose Ferrer Astonishes Cats With His Musical Knowledge

(Ed. Note: With this story, the Beat begins a series of on-the-road experiences registered by a roving reporter, an eminent musical personality who prefers to remain anonymous.)

By JOE ROVER

Washington, D.C.—Practically in the shadow of Washington's monument and four or five giant steps from the Lincoln Memorial, a typical little art theater stands—and on April 30 last, the Dupont Theater wrote history for itself by presenting in person the all-around artist of our time, Mr. Jose Ferrer.

The manager of the theater, Gerry Wagner, invited me to attend the early morning rehearsal. I was sitting in the 10th row, observing, when Jose Ferrer walked in. He made his opening speech with a huge grin:

"Fellows," said he, "everybody in Washington expects me to do a dramatic bit. But, I'm going to pull a surprise. Today they're going to meet Ferrer, the singer, and Ferrer, the musician."

With that he assembled the three attending musicians and taught them, chord for chord, five interesting arrangements of a variety of tunes.

Knows Changes

The songs were beautiful folk tunes of different countries. He sang each in its original language. From time to time, Ferrer sang out instructions to the musicians: "The next chord is a C minor sixth and the following chord is an A flat minor seventh." He called down all the intricate changes in the songs with unfailing accuracy. The boys responded to his direction. They knew that he knew just exactly what he wanted. The accordionist, Nick Perito, was quick to catch all the changes, and the guitar, Don Costa, and bass, Chubby Jackson, who was borrowed from the Herman Herd for the occasion, fell into patterns of their own.

When the program was beginning to resolve into sound, Jose suddenly dismissed the rehearsal, invited the gathering to lunch and added: "Let's relax for the first show." It was at luncheon in his hotel suite that Ferrer disclosed that he had been a bandleader-musician while attending Princeton University. He played piano, sax and clarinet in those days.

Warmest Warmth

Back at the theater, the excitement mounted by the moment as I, for one, sensed that something unusual was to take place. Some-



Jose Ferrer

how, I felt the warmest warmth I'd ever experienced in any theater when Jose walked out on stage, obviously with the true sense of the shy about him. He turned to the wings, then introduced the musicians one by one, and finally went into his program of songs. It goes without saying that this man Ferrer completely enchanted four packed houses.

For his last show, there was a line standing out front in a torrent of rain, waiting to get in. Every seat was taken. Nevertheless, Jose told the ushers to invite in as many as house fire regulation would allow in. This because Jose was plainly grateful to the crowds for showing up in such miserable weather. He then proceeded to repeat his beautiful, and musical, performance.

Seats A La Ella

Incidentally, for an encore he did "S'Wonderful, which he sang with a leaping beat! When he started scatting a la Ella Fitzgerald, the house collapsed.

For his fourth and final bow, he came out of the wings pulling with him bassist Jackson, who served as a foil for Ferrer between numbers.

When the curtain fell, we dashed back to the Mayflower Hotel where Jose had ordered steaks and drinks for all the participants. During the pre-festival lull, Ferrer made his way to a piano and began to

play *Body and Soul*. The "boys" got out their instruments and joined in. There I heard Ferrer, the musician, and very much at home at his keyboard. You could hear traces of a Teddy Wilson influence now and then. As he ran down tune after tune, one as good as the other, it was plainly obvious that he was having a ball at that piano.

Invitation

En route to the dinner table, Ferrer, through Chubby, invited the entire Herman Herd and their wives and gals to a matinee of *The Shrike*, in which play he is currently appearing. He also announced that he wanted to record with the same trio the same tunes he had done for the show.

After dinner, the conversation moved into the subject of Ferrer's present domination of the Broadway legit scene. 48th Street alone, rapidly becoming known as Ferrer's Alley, houses a group of vehicles which he either directed, produced or stars in. These include *The Chase*, *Stalag 17*, *The Fourposter*, and *The Shrike*. Incidentally, the last named play was awarded the Pulitzer Prize a couple of weeks ago. And, as a topper, just a few weeks ago, around the corner at the Mayfair Theater, his latest starring effort in the films, *Anything Can Happen*, received its world premiere.

In passing, Jose Ferrer is by far the most humble person I have ever met, and, much like those who are regularly associated with him, I got to love the guy very quickly. He's an amazing person whether you look at him as actor, director, producer, writer, musician, or singer.

Scale Increase For Musicians On The Road

New York—Effective Sept. 1 next, all scales for traveling musicians in musical shows, dramatic and stage presentations will be increased 10 per cent for both leaders and sidemen.

This heartening news was announced recently as a result of a follow-up to the resolution introduced at last year's AFM convention in New York City.

The 10 per cent increase proposed at that time was censured by president Petrillo as not being in the best interests of the musicians. However, he now states, on further investigation he has found that the cost of living, especially for traveling musicians, has increased so alarmingly that the higher scale has become an urgent necessity.

British Ban Lifted; Sutton, Johnson To Play Jazz Concert

London—The long-standing ban against American musicians in England will be lifted, though only momentarily, when another British jazz festival is held at the Royal Festival Hall here June 28.

Ralph Sutton, Dixieland pianist from Condon's, and Lonnie Johnson, old-time guitarist-vocalist, were the rare pair selected to be exceptions to the rule. They have been granted labor permits and will be featured at the first of two concerts.

Second concert will feature Arne Domnerus, the Swedish star considered to be Europe's top alto man, and Rob Pronk, pianist and trumpeter from the Netherlands.

RCA Cuts Stevens

New York—GAC has signed a booking deal with Roy Stevens' orchestra. The band cut four sides for RCA Victor in New York recently.

He is now carrying four brass, four reed, three rhythm and girl singer.

Top Professionals Choose!

TOMMY CHECK

Twelve-Year-Old SENSATION

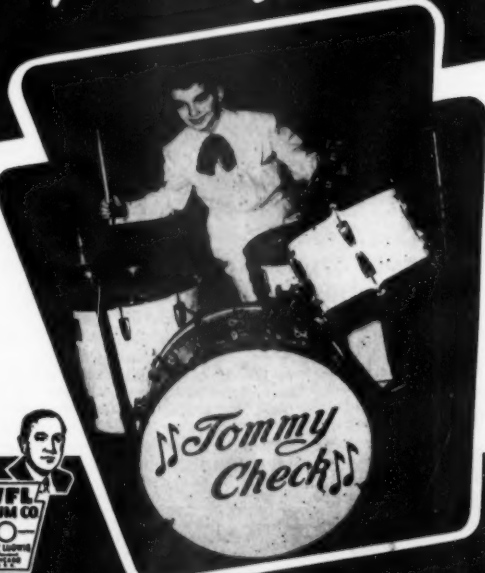
Recent solo appearances of sensational twelve year old Tommy Check and his WFL's on three major Television shows (others coming up) have TV executives buzzing. These, added to all of the other engagements he can fit into a busy schedule, have veteran critics predicting a brilliant future for this amazing young drum star.

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Ellington Fans Pursue Hallock's Scalp; 'Better Just To Forget It,' Says Duke

Exercising the well known American prerogative of freedom of speech, Ted Hallock expressed in the May 21 *Beat* some views on Duke Ellington that did not meet with unanimous approval.

Exercising the same prerogative, a number of readers voiced their disapproval in writing. *Down Beat*, always eager to present both sides of the story, offers a representative selection of the letters below.

Invite Me

The Blue Note,
Chicago, Ill.

To The Editors:

I have just finished Ted Hallock's exciting, if not too informative, article on the Duke's 59th birthday. I have a great affection for Ted—he supplies the gap between the latest mystery and the next issue of *Seventeen*.

However, I want to get Ted straight with me: when he buries the Duke the next time, I want to be in on the embalming! Duke has had so many interments that he wants nothing but the best, and I am the lad who should know what's best in the way of sweet smelling foliage and top billing for him in the obituary column.

His influence is more profound than he thinks, and therefore I must ask the favor of restraint from Oregon's only representative. Because of his hasty (if not tasty) obituary, I was forced to cancel the Duke's engagement at the Blue Note for two weeks, starting July 25—and change it to a three-week engagement.

The only issue I take with Ted is that he hung his hat and article on a picture of the Duke taken either at train or training time; neither occasion lends to composure. And to close his article with a left-field reference to Roger Bacon isn't kosher (Ted, you can use that one any time you want it; without credit, as usual).

Shakespeare and Duke have something in common, by the way: when you and I are dead and gone (even while we're living) people will remember them, and forget that you were the greatest music critic and I was the lad who paid for what you panned.

Frank Holzfeind

Mingus Mad

New York City

To the Editors:

I was very sorry to see Ted Hallock's vicious and certainly unwarranted attack on Duke Ellington in the May 21 *Beat*. I do not understand how Hallock considers himself justified in putting the band down so low on the strength of a one-night stand.

If he had heard the band during a week's engagement or even two nights straight, his searing criticism of almost every single member of the band might be a little more understandable. I note that he did not name Wendell Marshall or Lou Bellson in his tiresome tirade. Surely he was not afraid to criticize them. His unwillingness to say one good word about the band must have excluded them only because they played too well.

Hallock must not realize that there are many factors which can cause even the greatest band to bog down one night. But is it on one such night that any band is rated?—or should Duke's band be judged more by the great records they have cut such as *The Hawk Talks* and *Jammin' with Sam* and the welcome reception of the band in nearly all the spots they have played?

Deserves Raves

So "Duke should have a band that plays nothing but *Sophisticated Lady* all night!" I think he should get the credit he deserves for moving along with the times and building one of the few great bands that belongs on top. He certainly deserves a lot more raves than the supposedly "sensational, new, etc.-etc." band of Billy May's

Chicago—Duke Ellington was still sleeping at the Fort Kearney hotel in Kearney, Neb., when the operator rang his room. The conversation went something like this:

"Duke?"

"Yes."

"This is Jack Tracy. Read that Hallock story about you and the band yet?"

"What time is it?"

"It's eleven your time. Did you see that Hallock story yet?"

"Uh-huh."

"What did you think about it?"

"I don't know . . . It's beyond even thinking about." He yawned.

"Leaves me cold . . . What's the weather like in Chicago?"

"Beautiful. You'd dig it. But about that Hallock thing . . ."

"I don't know what I did to the guy—I don't even remember him." He stretched. "But a thing like that sort of makes a person afraid. It could happen to you."

Better to Forget It

"Any other reaction?"

"Well, a lot of people from all over the country called me about it, but like I told them, I'm completely puzzled. It's better just to forget it. How's Ned?"

"Fine. He's working for a television production agency. Doing very well. How's the band?"

"Great. Did you hear about the date we have on the 28th? We play Milwaukee—a battle of music. Us and six polka bands. I guess we're to come in about number seventh in that one."

"There's nothing else you want to add about Hallock's story?"

"Uh-uh . . . I just didn't get it. We're going to play in Chicago on the 29th. I'll call you then."

"O.K. See you, Duke."

"Bye, baby."

which is nothing but a re-hash of the old styles of Lunceford and Dorsey.

Hallock must certainly have received a personal affront from the Duke (a la Freeman vs. Flanagan) and dipped his pen in his own venom to write his article. I hope it makes him feel big, but it only appears that he has gone out of his way to belittle a great man who has done more for music and the betterment of his race than few other men have.

Charles Mingus Jr.

Westbrook Hallock?

Mountainburg, Arkansas
To the Editors:

I have been reading *Down Beat* faithfully for the past two years, and for the first time I'm sufficiently aroused to register a beef. Ted Hallock's criticism of Ellington's concert in Portland may have been quite justified—but there ought to be some differentiation between criticism and mud-slinging. His reference to Ellington as a "rather gross old man" seems unnecessarily cruel and beside the point, anyway.

Does Hallock aspire to be the Westbrook Pegler of jazz journalism, or does he have a personal grudge against Duke Ellington?

Margaret Huncke

Course And Discourse

U. S. Naval Station
Long Beach, Cal.

To the Editors:

Hallock said, "I hate to see anyone, whether yokel or dilettante, deprived of \$3.60 without due course of jazz." Well, I hate to see anyone deprived of good music due to his misleading statements. In my opinion, it is people like Hallock that have the music business in its present state. Today a tune, nothing more than a novelty or gross repetition, is ballyhooed into the top bracket while those of true value to the music world go unnoticed.

Duke Ellington, like Kenton, is in a class all by himself and we haven't another musician today that can touch either. There are too many cashing in on someone

else's ideas, sounds etc. and trying to fool the public while actually they're fooling themselves and the critics.

No, Mr. Hallock, Ellington is not the old man (musically) you portray, but one of the greatest contributors to the jazz scene. Long after you're forgotten, the world will continue to hear, appreciate and play Ellingtonia.

Roy L. Matthews

Drum Bum

Sheridan, Oregon

To the Editors:

One of Hallock's initial criticisms of Ellington's band was that it had a poor house at the Portland concert. That fact doesn't reflect on the quality of the music and Hallock knows it. This concert had very poor publicity and such publicity (rather, the lack of it) can ruin any traveling attraction, Lombardo included.

Of all the people least qualified to criticize Ellington's band, Hallock heads the list. For two years after the war (II), I arranged and played in Hallock's band at the University of Oregon. As a drummer, he wasn't; he not only couldn't read a drum part if his life depended on it, but he couldn't have swung his band if he had wanted to . . . I'm wondering why, since Hallock owns a drum set, he neglected to take a few pot shots at Louie Bellson; can it be that Hallock has recognized that Bellson has talent?

Ellington played two additional dates in Portland (Spotlight Club and McElroy's) during both of which the band really swung. How is it that Hallock did not avail himself of the opportunity to catch the Ellington band at least once more to be certain of the opinion he formed at the concert? It appears that the reason is that he isn't too interested in accurate reporting.

Wally Heider

Mr. Emotion

Hancock, Mich.

To the Editors:

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Really, Mr. Lustwell, we've been here half the night—haven't you any ideas at all?

ing about Ted Hallock's miserable bit concerning Duke Ellington, but I can't pass up this opportunity to lodge a strong protest.

Hallock, in his past articles, has shown himself to be an emotional, non-objective reporter, and this article is in a similar vein.

It is ridiculous for anyone, especially a person writing in a critical magazine, to say that Ellington is not being creative in the field of modern jazz. If such compositions as *Harlem* and *The Tattooed Bride* do not contribute to jazz, then our best jazz arrangers and composers had better recognize the futility of their efforts and quit.

It is especially foolhardy to suggest that the Ellington band is inferior. Anyone who has heard the organization in the past year realizes that this is one of the best bands in Duke's career, and certainly one of the top musical organizations in jazz today.

Charles Croteau

DID YOU KNOW that Charlie Spivak, Bunny Berigan, Jack Jenney, Eddie Miller and Claude Thornhill were all on the first Glenn Miller orchestra records in 1935?

New Room Set For Dancing In Chicago

Chicago—A new room for dancers will open here June 30 when the Congress hotel will reactivate the Florentine room, call it the New Glass Hat, and bring in Wayne Muir's crew, just signed by McConkey.

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Johnnie Ray Would Be Stan's Band Boy; Praises May, Hefti

(The following article is composed of some of the afterthoughts of Johnnie Ray made during his recent Blindfold Test and related to the Beat's blindfold, Leonard Feather, via the latter's trusty tape recorder.)

By JOHNNIE RAY

It seems to me that most of the great things that happened in music are in the past.

I don't know what's wrong with the music business today, really. All I know is that the band business is in trouble, and I can only hope that the situation gets better.

I don't know whose fault it is—I don't know whether it's because all the real masters are old and tired and there's no new talent... I just don't know.

I do know, though, that there are great young talents who have contributed to present and future channels of development in music; people like Neal Hefti.

Stan Kenton—regardless of whether you like what he does or not—he's a genius, and he's made a lot of progress in the field that he chose for himself. The shade that he has taken in the musical spectrum has been developed into a beautiful thing.

Keene is Peachy

Of course, we have a great talent out on the coast. Nobody ever heard of him; his name is Bob Keene. I have his demonstration record of *It Ain't Necessarily So* and *Easy to Remember*. There are talents that are completely undeveloped and unacknowledged that will, in time, reopen a field that has closed itself.

It certainly seems that singers

today occupy the lofty position that bands once held. I don't think it's just a matter of things going in cycles. Even back when the bands were the biggest, you had your Helen O'Connells and your Eberlys—you had the singers that people knew, and they were better than most of the top singers that are here now.

I figure that if it is a cycle, the reason it happens is just the lack—or rather the disturbance that occurred in the band field.

Would Be Band Boy

As far as I'm concerned, nobody would be happier to see bands really big again. As a matter of fact, I've even told Stan Kenton that if he needs a band boy I'll give up boy singing and go on the road with him.

Billy May and I are booked for the Paramount together. (Ed. Note: They're working there right now.) That should be a very interesting thing to see; not from the standpoint of my performance, but because of the way the kids will react to him.

I personally am a great fan of

Billy May's. I think he is the freshest, newest thing to come along. And if there's anything I hate, it's this ridiculous controversy that's been going on between him and that other band. They're both great, and any conflict between them is foolish. You can put a Ray Anthony record on and I'll know it; you can put a Billy May record on and I'll know it.

New Approach

All I can say is that there is nothing new under the sun, either in the band business or in any kind of business. There's nothing new, but there's a different way to approach what's been done before. So I've got to respect Billy May because I think he is the only one so far who has come up with an intelligent approach, insofar as freshness and commercial value is concerned, as well as musical value.

I'm very disappointed with a lot of the musicians in the business today and the way they conduct themselves: the way they blame each other, and what they say and the way they say it.

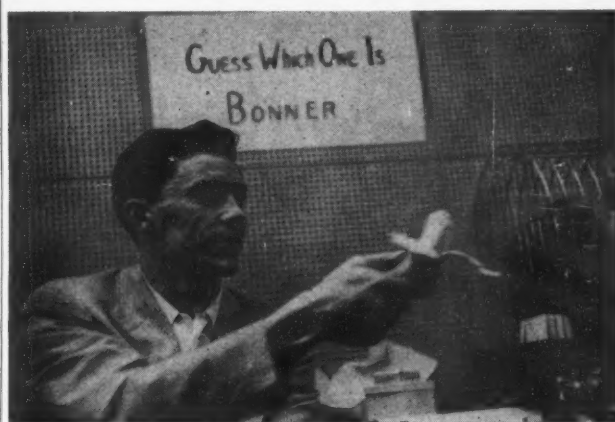
Club Jox Pay, Or Lose Stars

New York—Effective June 23, the American Guild of Variety Artists will put a ban on appearances by any of its members on disc jockey shows emanating from night clubs, unless they are paid regular club-date scale.

Since most name bandleaders are members of AGVA, this will affect many top maestri, some of whom make a frequent practice of appearing on shows of this kind to help publicize local engagements.

In New York City alone, the ban will have the effect of virtually stripping all big name show-business guests from the programs of Barry Gray (WMCA, from Chandler's); Lorraine Day (WGM, Hutton's); Ralph Cooper (WQV, Palm Cafe) and several others. Scores of jockeys in other cities will be similarly affected.

Reason for the ban, according to AGVA proxy George Price, is that in some towns "you can't go into a beanery for a sandwich without having a mike shoved in your face and being expected to do your act." Price said he hoped the American Federation of Radio Artists would adopt a similar policy.



Ed Bonner And Friend

Turning The Tables—IV

Bonner's One-Man-Circus Raises Cain In St. Louis

By AUNT ENNA

A phenomenal one-man circus has come to St. Louis! The act includes verbal bombast, live monkeys, and free gifts to the kids. Then, of course, there's acrobatics and clowning—just as there is in any good circus. Only this circus isn't

performed under the Big Top; it takes place in a broadcasting studio. And the act is not a free-wheeling one-night stand. It's a grim struggle for power with no holds barred—and it's for keeps.

Disk jockey Ed Bonner is out to clobber disk jockey Gil Newsome—who works right across the street. While Newsome has been solidly entrenched at Station KWK since the early forties and has earned an average of \$675 a week since that time, Bonner was a scuffling, scrambling kid who just made it with Station KXOK a little over a year ago. Bonner has been a long time in arriving, and he learned the art of disk jockeying extremely well. He has a sure grasp of the formula now and he is applying it with winning results.

A Rookie Shortstop

From Burbank, California, Ed Bonner was originally a rookie shortstop who was almost good enough for big league baseball. Having failed at this, Bonner drifted into disk jockey work and wound up at Station WNJR in Newark, N. J. For more than five years, nothing happened. Bonner moved from obscurity into oblivion.

But he watched Paul Brenner, the most successful deejay in Newark, with a hawk-like scrutiny. He watched Brenner appear at civic functions, high schools, dances. He saw him romance the teen age element with invitations to the studio... to "see the show." Bonner watched and learned.

The Break

When Bonner's "break" finally arrived, he was ready. St. Louis was the proving ground. The jock "encourages" record distributors to give away free records to the kids who come to his studio. The distributor, in turn, knows that a strong plug for that particular record will follow. Bonner uses his baseball background to good

advantage as well. Utilizing a broom-handle as a makeshift bat and wads of discarded paper as "baseballs," he entertains the teenagers with acrobatics, too. Biggest gimmick, however, is the live monkey that Bonner brings along for his personal appearances. Bonner allows the monkey to cavort about the studio unmolested. And the audiences love it.

The Pay-Off

All of this has paid off handsomely. *Prom* magazine, a popular St. Louis publication devoted to teen-agers, recently rewarded Bonner by dedicating an entire issue to him. Recording artists were "induced" to thank Ed personally (in advertisements worth \$150 a page) for all the wonderful things he has done for their careers.

While it is true that Bonner is coming on like Gangbusters, it is also a fact that his local audience rating is only remotely near that of St. Louis' top disk jockey, Newsome. Newsome, however, had better look to his laurels if he is to preserve them. Bonner is coming on very quickly... but it is regrettable that he needs monkeys, broom-handles, and acrobatics to build that rating. However, that's the disk jockey business; so what are you gonna do?

Birdland Buys Dinah & Ella

New York—Ella Fitzgerald and Dinah Washington have both been booked for return dates at Birdland here this month.

Ella opens June 5 for two weeks, with Cootie Williams sharing the bill. Dinah follows June 18 for two weeks, with Dizzy Gillespie; Joe Holiday will complete the show the first week and Arnett Cobb the second.

George Shearing's Birdland opening is set for July 3, with Cobb holding over for the first of these.

Jazz Society In Rhythm Room

New York—The Greater New York Jazz Society, a new combine of various smaller groups in this area, has been holding meetings, lectures and jam sessions here at the Rhythm Room on West 54th St., in cooperation with the club's Monte Kay.

Toots Thielemans, Marian McPartland, Billy Taylor and other stars have participated in the live sessions, held every Sunday afternoon. The Society also holds record sessions for collector-fans.

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Down Beat Predicts

Heftis' Band Full Of Surprises; May Be Eastern Crew Of '52

By HAL WEBMAN

New York—Neal and Frances have achieved something that can be likened to a minor miracle!

Off and running with their new band, the second half-century's Mr. and Mrs. orchestra, the Heftis—Neal H. and Frances Wayne—have succeeded in welding musicality, showmanship, commerciality and danceability with the greatest amount of success since the Tommy Dorsey band of the early '40s (the Oliver-Weston-Stordahl-Sinatra-Stafford-Haines-Pied Pipers era).

Working with a band composed of youngsters (half of them playing for the first time with an organized crew) with the exception of veteran trumpeter Spots Esposito, Neal, in only three weeks, has whipped his outfit into exceptionally sound shape. The band plays the extremely versatile library with exceptional precision and, at the same time, displays an *esprit de corps* that is all too rare in present-day orchestras.

Phenomenal Frances

The outstanding feature of this band, the feature that promises to make this the east's 1952 foremost new band entry to meet the Midwest's bid with Ralph Marterie and the far west's Billy May, is its magnificent vocal department. No band in the business boasts a singer that can match Frances for sheer vocal prowess.

She is singing magnificently, displaying power and versatility that she never before exhibited, even in her days of glory with the Herman Herd. She's singing everything from the most intense torch to the lightest sort of novelty with a flair for showmanship that is bound to make the difference between the eternal band struggle and the big money route for the band.

Unusual Unit

And to round out the vocal corps, Neal has assembled a male trio, called The Cavaliers, which is probably the most unusual unit of its type in modern band annals. It's—believe it or not—a modernized barbershop harmony trio which packs a sound that is shocking, different and, at the same time, makes for the highest type of universally appealing showmanship.

The library Neal has assembled for his 13 musicians is phenomenal for its remarkable assortment of moods and ideas. Such typical Hefti swing originals (a rare type of effort for any band today) as *Sure Thing*, *Coral Reef*, and *Why Not* are Basie-ish with a 1952 twist.

Things could easily develop into Neal's *One O'Clock Jump*. Even at this early stage, he has the band extending his arrangement considerably to allow for the modern tenoring of young John Pelicane, a good fifth brother; the equally righteous tramping of Sonny Truitt; and Neal's own potent modern horn ideas.

Medley Shocker

Going beyond the instrumentals, the book takes a turn in its medleys which will shock those who know of Neal only as a modernist. These are deliberate dance writings which come perilously close to meeting the description of "mickey." Sandwiched between these straight ensemble choruses in the medleys are vocals and jazz solo choruses on top-grade standards.

Another aspect of this band that is a credit to the Heftis is that they have succeeded in accomplishing all of these things with refinement and subtlety—all in a muted manner. This band will never be

accused of being loud. Even the jazz instrumentals achieve a delicacy that delivers the modern message without puncturing ear drums.

Ah, Memories!

The band brings back happy memories of the last great husband-and-wife orchestra, the Red Norvo-Mildred Bailey band of the late '30s. This has the same finesse, the same great vocal strength. But the Heftis have a lot more to offer commercially and should succeed at the box office where the Norvos never did quite make it.

At present, the Heftis are still working out their break-in dates and at presstime were being booked in situations where they will be exposed to the largest possible audience by MCA. They were scheduled to make a swing of New England in a package with Tony Bennett, among a host of other sure-thing bookings. Later in the summer and early in the fall, the agency is planning an itinerary which will bring the band into the key spots like the Cafe Rouge, the Meadowbrook, etc.

So look out, May, Marterie, Morrow, Flanagan, and Anthony! You cats have got yourselves a mighty powerful contender for top band honors. Mr. and Mrs. Hefti are comin' and they want the banner. It's going to take an awful lot to prevent them from getting it.

"Battle Of Bands" In Coast Tee-Off

Long Beach (Calif.)—What promoters Morrey Brodsky and George Liberace (brother of the pianist) claim will be a "Battle of Bands" series was launched at the municipal auditorium here with a "contest" between George Auld's new combo and that of Big Jay McNeely. Weekly events started here May 9, but are to move to different locations, according to present plans.

The judges gave the decision, for what it was worth, as a "draw" and announced a "return engagement" which didn't sound very likely inasmuch as Auld said he was heading east for a date in Chicago. But no one was worrying much as the blow-out drew 3700 payees at \$1.25 per.

Wein Preems New Storyville

New Haven—George Wein, owner of Boston's Storyville, has taken over direction of what was formerly Lillian's Paradise, and renamed the spot Storyville.

The arrangement is on a month's trial run with Sam Brooker and Phil Edmunds of the Boston Storyville staff on hand to oversee operations. First booking for the new Storyville was May 19 when the Symphony Sid show with Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson and Milt Jackson moved in for a week.

Erroll Garner's trio is set for May 26 with Illinois Jacquet arriving on June 6. If the New Haven experiment is successful it may serve as an initial link in what may eventually be a nationwide Storyville circuit.

Jubilee

Hollywood—Armed Forces Radio Service has launched a new series of shows to be broadcast to troops overseas with *Jubilee*, a show which is, in effect, a resumption of the *Command Performance* series which originated here during World War II.

Top Hollywood stars donate their services, according to an AFRS spokesman, but the 16-piece ork playing the show under AFRS conductor Michele Perriere is paid regular union scale for the weekly broadcasts.

Nero's Not Vague Heads For Haig

Hollywood—Paul (Hot Canary) Nero, just back from New York and a quick whirl of radio platter showmen in the interests of his new band (introduced on Rhythm Records) announced a new venture which will inject a new note in the local music scene.

Nero was announced to start a series of Tuesday (off-nite) night sessions at the Haig, currently presenting Beryl Booker, starting May 20. But Nero has a new slant. One week Nero will head a progressive jazz combo built around four rhythm, trumpet and tenor sax; the next, he'll appear with a string quartet of the classic format and playing standard chamber music selections. Sidemen were still to be set and probably will vary.

Chi Nitery DJs In A Real Spin

Chicago—Disc jockey shows in night clubs underwent a big shuffle here in the last couple of weeks. Louie Quinn's show from Curly's Crossroads and Sid McCoy's session from the Pershing lounge folded. The Eddie Hubbards left the Shangri-La and headed for Isbell's.

And new shows were added at the Cairo and the Streamliner. Former nitery columnist Roy Topper is at the Cairo mike, jazz jock Pete Lucas operates at the Streamliner.

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WISHING MERV WELL prior to his induction is Freddie Martin, who was scheduled to lose Merv's services to Uncle Sam when Griffin got his greetings recently.

Swingin' The Golden Gate

Travis, Coppola Have Fine Young Outfit, Rate Break

By Ralph J. Gleason

San Francisco—Is there any place in music for a new band? If there is, we've got one right here that shows every promise of being able to hold its own with any big band, name or otherwise.

The group I'm talking about is the Chuck Travis-Johnny Coppola band that made its debut at a dance at Sweet's ballroom early in May. Using fifteen men, most of whom have hit the road at one time or another with name bands, Travis and Coppola unveiled a very competent group.

Sparked by soloists Dick Collins on trumpet, Bob Collins on trombone and Coppola and Travis, the band ran through a book written by Bill Russo, Louie Bellson and Bill Holman. The audience, a slim 400, consisted mostly of musicians and ardent music fans, all of whom were enthusiastic about the group.

The smattering of representatives of Joe Public in the house proved it was a good dance band, by the direct method of dancing to it. All in all the evening was a

success, if not a gold mine. But it poses a potent question. What do you do with a band like this?

How's It Done?

It's a terrific boot to the musicians to get to blow in a good big band. It's a boot to a small group of fans, a group that could grow allright if the band had a chance to play on location. The main trouble is that no promoter is willing to gamble on an unknown band—good or bad—and you have to start somewhere.

The band business needs more groups like this with enthusiasm and sparkle. There should be some way to encourage this sort of thing if only as a workshop for talent. Perhaps this is something the projected trade organization of band-leaders might think about. New bands that please the customers help everybody. And in addition they provide the best school for young arrangers and young sidemen. We ought to be able to keep them going.

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The Heftis Hit The Road

This is the Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne orchestra, of which Hal writes at length elsewhere in this issue, in action on its initial date, at Mitchell Field, Long Island, N.Y. Personnel consists of Julie Hochman, Spots Esposito, Dennis Roche, trumpets; Lee Gifford, Sonny Truitt, trombones; Benny Amerino, Al Thompson, altos; John Pelicane, tenor; George Weimer, baritone; Harry Wolf, piano; Benny Weeks, guitar; Lee Rocky, drums; Frank Marcy, bass; the Cavaliers (Eddie Stewart, Hugh Reynolds, John Barber), vocals.



Gene In Japan

The Gene Krupa-Charlie Ventura-Teddy Napoleon tour of Japan, described elsewhere in this issue, was one of the most photographed as well as most successful foreign tours ever undertaken by an American jazz unit. At left they are seen at the Nechegeki in Tokyo, Japan's largest theatre; and, below, at the airport. Above is Teddy Napoleon surrounded by Japanese fans.

Interest in jazz in Japan has not only taken the form of enthusiasm for American visitors, but is also evident in some authentic modern sounds produced by Japanese musicians.



DOWN BEAT

(Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office)

RECORD REVIEWS

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. Records in the jazz section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections of interest from the musical standpoint are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Ratings

★★★★ Excellent, ★★★ Very Good, ★★ Good, ★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Blue Barron

- ★★ *Mighty Pretty Wals*
★★ *A Girl, A Fella, A Beach Umbrella*

Top side is a country-style song with more universal appeal than most. But this recording misses the flavor of the song.

Umbrella might best be saved for a rainy day when there are no other novelty songs around. The chorus sounds limp. (M-G-M 11239.)

Tony Bennett

- ★★★★ *Here in My Heart*
★★ *I'm Lost Again*

Tony, on the top side, proves he can really belt with the best of the current shouters. With excellent backing from Percy Faith, Bennett opens up on the fast-breaking ballad, which is shaping up a big hit.

Lost Again is lesser material; the echo on this side distorts the Bennett's piping almost beyond recognition. (Columbia 39745.)

Owen Bradley

- ★★ *The Phantom Regiment*
★★ *Horse and Buggy*
★★ *Plink, Plunk, Plunk*
★★ *The Penny Whistle Song*

Phantom is well-paced and builds very nicely throughout in good, commercial fashion. *Horse and Buggy* is not Leroy Anderson (who clefted all four sides) at his melodic best. (Coral 60734.)

Bradley comes up with a good cover job on *Plunk*. Should do well on juke boxes; well arranged throughout. *Penny Whistle* is given the big band treatment by Bradley; variety of tempi helps make listenable record. (Coral 60735.)

Johnny Desmond

- ★★ *Battle Hymn of the Republic*
★★ *How Much Will I Miss You*

Somehow the swinging of the old battle hymn doesn't quite come off. In addition, patriots may take offense.

How Much shows off crooner Desmond to better advantage; but song is only a so-so ballad. Johnny does as much as anybody could do with it. (Coral 60736.)

Jimmy Dorsey

- ★★ *Moon Over Miami*
★★ *Quien Sabe?*

Moon opens as a Skylarks vocal-group affair, medium-slow. Jimmy's alto glides in gracefully on the second chorus, then boy singer and group return. Uneventful, but listenable and danceable.

Quien is a reissued duet by Bob Carroll and Dee Parker. This one is a little too uneventful. (MGM 11230.)

The Dreamers

- ★★ *I May Hate Myself in the Morning*
★★ *Ain't Gonna Worry No More*

New and spirited vocal group on the Mercury label cover the new Benjamin & Weiss ballad in rhythmic style. Group accentuates crescendoing sounds in a commercial fashion.

Worry has little commercial appeal; chief claim to distinction is fine piano work in spots. (Mercury 5843.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ *Hold Me Close to You*
★★ *If They Ask Me*

First side is the fine Harry Warren-

Ralph Blane song which B sings in his first MGM movie, *Skirts Ahoy*. It's an outstanding vehicle for him and brilliantly accompanied by Georgie Stoll and the MGM Studio Orchestra. Another good ballad overleaf, with Nelson Riddle conducting. (MGM 11217.)

Dolores Gray

- ★★★★ *Tattered and Torn*
★★★★ *The World Has a Promise*

Miss Gray steps out of her music comedy clothes long enough to serve up a heaping dish of corn.

World, a sprightly philosophical waltz, exhibits the world of talent Dolores has. Chorus and horns punctuate the overall effect substantially. (Decca 28178.)

Bob Haymes & Lisa Kirk

- ★★ *Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie*
★★ *Fifty Years Ago*

Nellie is treated rather roughly by Bob and Lisa, whose voices just don't blend.

The team does much better with a fluffy novelty, *Fifty Years Ago*, which is reminiscent of Ray Bolger's *Amy* touch. (RCA 20-4715.)

Frankie Laine-Doris Day

- ★★★★ *How Lovely Cooks the Meat*
★★★★ *Sugarbush*

A new Columbia talent mating makes for powerhouse name power. Team this with a couple of unusual South African-derived folk adaptations by Josef Marais and the result is a coupling which should cop plenty of play and sell lots of records.

Meat is a two-tempo item; *Sugarbush* is one of those quiet ditties that moves along and grows on you with each additional spin. Carl Fischer conducts the studio band and Norman Luboff's choir makes its presence felt. (Columbia 39693.)

Peggy Lee

- ★★★★ *Lover*
★★ *You Go to My Head*

Lover, through Gordon Jenkins' noisily busy backing gets an exciting atmosphere that will meet with the approval of jockeys and public. It's almost like train-effect movie music, completely out of keeping with the lyrics, yet somehow effective.

Peggy sings much better on *Head*, which presents her on her Holiday kick, in the mood with which her fans may prefer to identify her. (Decca 28215.)

Cindy Lord

- ★★ *So Deep My Love*
★★ *After Graduation Day*

Cindy, who is a 17 year old gal, sings like Patti Page in spots, displays a pleasant way with *Deep* throughout.

Graduation is handed a sincere and pretty rendition by Cindy. Should get lots of disc jockey spins. Choral work doesn't help, however. (M-G-M 11238.)

Freddy Martin

- ★★ *There'll Be No New Tunes On This Old Piano*
★★ *Small Talk*

Some honky tonk piano, a corny but effective lyric and a Greek chorus that introduces everything but the kitchen sink, combine to provide a very commercial novelty.

Small Talk is not as likely a song as *Slow Poke* or *Copy Cat* and is performed too pretentiously. (RCA 20-4713.)

James Melton

- ★★ *Toothache in My Heel*
★★ *One Little Word*

A verse-chorus ditty is sung in commercial style by Melton. Material is folksy. Hugo Winterhalter and chorus lend a helping hand.

Word is more typically Melton. Exaggerated operatic enunciation is hardly com-

mercial but the tenor sings in good voice. (Victor 10-3803.)

Mitch Miller-Ray McKinley

- ★★★ *Bunk House Boogie*
★★★★ *Cuban Nightingale*

Mac returns to wax to vocalize his own medium boogie novelty, which manages a rather new approach to b.w. via the Miller French horns and Stan Freeman's harpsichord.

Reverse is a Latinesque tidbit, done sans Ray, with male chorus and the Miller horns and harpsichord. It's a disk designed to sell excitement and succeeds, although the song's repetitive quality could hold it back from becoming an important entry. (Columbia 39742.)

Guy Mitchell

- ★★★★ *The Day of Jubilo*
★★ *You'll Never Be Mine*

Terry Gilkyson's *Jubilo* makes a breathless, brilliant sounding performance for Mitchell, with a chorus and orchestra under Mitch Miller adding to the jubilant mood of this fast-paced opus. *Mine*, with its interesting alternation of minor and major strains, is also well handled. (Columbia 39753.)

Vaughn Monroe

- ★★★★ *Marionette*
★★ *California Rose*

Marionette, Vaughn's 'wooden friend,' will probably dance a sprightly step for him in boxes. Song belongs in the *Ballerina* category, with which Monroe has been so successful.

California Rose offers very little instrumentally to assist the Monroe vocal. However, this could be very strong in California. (Victor 20-4688.)

Buddy Morrow

- ★★ *Night Train*
★★ *Vereda Tropical*

Mystery surrounds *Night Train*. It's credited to Luther Henderson, Skippy Williams and Leonard Ware; Luther says they did write a tune once by that title, but this ain't it. This is a blues reminiscent of Duke's *Happy Go Lucky Local*, with a good, slightly Lawrence Brown-like solo by Buddy. Musically, it's the best effort to date by the Band Of The Morrow: credit Dick Rhodes for the arrangement. Ditty currently is hot via a rhythm and blues waxing by Jimmy Forrest.

Vereda sounds like a pastiche of old Tommy Dorsey discs, none of them bad, with overtones of Artie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine* days. (Victor 20-4693.)

Louis Prima

- ★★★★ *The Bigger The Figure*
★★ *Boney Bones*

First side is, as any radio listener knows, the Prima-facie evidence that the *Largo Al Factotum* aria from *The Barber Of Seville* makes a good piece of comedy material. Should be a big seller for Louis. Other side is as thin as the chick it describes. (Columbia 39735.)

Trudy Richards-Artie Shaw

- ★★★★ *I May Hate Myself In The Morning*
★★ *I Waited a Little Too Long*

"Sy Oliver & His Orchestra" would be a much apter name for this outfit, since the Oliver arrangements are there and the Shaw clarinet isn't. Artie was in the studio and did conduct, but you'd never know it.

Trudy does a good job on *Hate* and the



LES AND MARY are still riding the crest of a 78-degree heat wave started by their phenomenal Capitol record success. Latest hot Paul-Ford item is *Carioca* and *I'm Confessin'*.

arrangement and performance really jump. *Waited*, curiously, is a very similar song, though Trudy starts it slower before Sy gears the arrangement into high. (Decca 28190.)

Dinah Shore

- ★★★★ *The World Has A Promise*
★★ *Delicado*

Dinah and the chorus make for a commercially professional rendition of *World*. Henri Rene lends fine support.

Delicado which is a hit as an instrumental, is given lyrics in this version. Dinah seems a little rushed to get them all in. (RCA 20-4719.)

Jerry Trotta

- ★★ *Sometimes I'm Happy*
★ *Night Must Fall*
★★ *Don't Worry About Me*
★ *Amigo Mio*

Jerry is a 22-year-old Baltimore lad who's been fronting a band locally since he was 16. First and third of the above sides have vocals by Margie Schaffer; the other two are instrumentals.

Night is a Cugat opus reminiscent of *Siboney*. *Worry* is a sensitively contrived arrangement. This seems to be the side that could earn the band some general acceptance, if the jockeys help it. In general, though, it sounds like a smaller, slightly Kentonish outfit with limited commercial appeal. (Discovery 159, 160.)

Billy Williams

- ★★★★ *Asure-Te*
★★ *Stay*

The Quartet's debut for this label is an auspicious one. Bill Davis' lyricized instrumental gets a good reading, with Bill Doggett's organ support (you can hardly tell him from his fellow-Bill) and nice phrasing of the words by Billy and the group. Reverse is an adequate medium-slow ballad. (Mercury.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Mildred Bailey

- ★★★★ *Rockin' Chair*
★★★★ *Glee Me Time*

A reissue of two of Mildred's great Columbia sides, now inserted into Columbia's Black Label series.

Cut March 23, 1937, this version of her theme has a short Stew Fletcher trumpet intro, then two full vocal choruses backed by the Norvo band.

Time, made Jan. 25, 1940, was the first record of this fine song, written by Alec Wilder and waxed recently by Johnnie Ray. With Wilder's own arrangement played by an all-star studio band (Mitch Miller was on oboe, Roy Eldridge on trumpet, Teddy Wilson piano), Mildred shows that good singing is like good wine. (Columbia 80-G.)

Ralph Burns—Free Forms

- Terrista*
Vignette at Verney's

- Lilith*
Cameo
Places Please
Tantallion
Spring Is
Someday, Somewhere

Album Rating: ★★★★★

This highly refreshing set of random melodies is played by four violins, viola, cello, French horn, flute, oboe, bassoon, bass clarinet, alto (Lee Konitz), plus Burns, Ray Brown and Jo Jones.

Most of the pieces were written two or three years ago, dedicated to friends and/or inspired by people Ralph was staying with, and reflecting a placid, serene mood throughout.

The second and third titles are listed in the reverse order on the label. The actual *Vignette* is the one that will remind you of an old pop song. *Spring Is* is a fast waltz, and, like a couple of others, should be classified as light chamber music rather than jazz. *Terrista*, with its Latin rhythm suggestion, and *Places*, a delightfully happy thing featuring Lee, are among the most successful items.

An eminently listenable album with many tonally joyous sounds, this set offers nothing sensationally new or exciting but succeeds in what it set out to do. (Mercury MG C-115.)

Bill Davis Trio

- ★★★★ *Without a Song*
★★★★ *Piccadilly Circus*

Guitarist Bill Jennings hits on all sixes in *Song*, which he plays first straight melody (in long metre) and then ad lib. With Davis' driving organism propelling

him, he makes this a jumping side. *Circus* is Bill's original theme number, a leaping thing on the usual *I Got Rhythm* pattern. Here both Jennings and Davis are at their peak, even Chris Columbus gets 16 bars, and the whole thing rocks to high heaven, with an added attraction in the improved recording of the Hammond sounds. (Okeh 6879.)

Dixieland Stylis

Panama
Dustin' Off The Ivory
Somebody Stole My Gal
Muskrat Ramble
Sweethearts On Parade
Susie
South Rampart Street Parade
Shim-Me-Sha Wobble

Album Rating: ★★★

Pete Daily, Armand Hug, Sharkey Bonano, Eddie Miller, Marvin Ash, Ray Bauduc, Nappy Lamare and Pee-Wee Hunt are the respective leaders on the above eight sides, LP'd into Capitol's *Classics In Jazz* series.

Sides were cut between 1945 and 1950. Solos abound, varying from real guts Dixieland through effete Dixieland to tongue-in-cheek Dixie. Present: Matty Matlock, Andy Secrest, Bujie Centobie, Wingy Manone, Red Dorris, Lou McGarity, Brad Gowans and a few dozen others. (Capitol H 321.)

Duke Ellington

★★★★ *Balcony Serenade*
★★★ *Strange Feeling*
★★★ *Dancers in Love*
★★★ *Coloratura*

These four sides, recorded in early 1945 and never before issued, constitute Duke's *Perfume Suite*, written for one of his early Carnegie Hall concerts.

In effect they can be considered as four separate items, especially since Strayhorn wrote the first piece and collaborated on the second. They have no continuity of mood, but at times they bring back some of the glory that was the Ellington band of the mid-1940s.

Balcony Serenade, with some typical reed section passages, is the most Ellingtonian. *Strange Feeling*, a good melody botched up with trivial lyrics, is fairly well handled by Hibbler. *Dancers* is the well known Ellington piano solo of which other pianists' versions have been available for years. It's a very basic, un-Ducal tune which anyone could have written, but it's played with a certain capricious charm.

Coloratura is a solo by Cat Anderson at his loftiest peak. It's exhibitionistic, sure; but compared with, say, Maynard Ferguson, it's a model of good taste. (Victor 20-4711, 4712.)

Erroll Garner

★★★★ *Music Maestro Please*
★★★★ *Out of Nowhere*

Erroll takes *Music* faster than you'd expect, and contrives to get enough beat and bite into it within the familiar Garner format to make it one of his best recent sides. *Nowhere* is medium-slow, and, as is usually the way with Erroll, as good as the tune deserves. The ending, however, is surprisingly sloppy. (Columbia 39734.)

Dizzy Gillespie

★★★ *Love Is Here To Stay*
★★★ *This Is Happiness*

Two more sides from Dizzy's compact little combo, both done with Latin overtones. Second side is the Spanish song popularized here by Josephine Baker—Dizzy and the band sing it, in English, with amusing results. (Atlantic 966.)

Lionel Hampton

★★★ *Don't Flee The Scene Salty*
★★★★ *Kingfish*

Don't Flee The Scene Salty is Hamp's happy euphemism for *Dontcha Go 'Way Mad*; but it's not the same number, just a new slant on the same sentiment. It's an old-timey 16-bar song; Sonnie Parker sings it with a small group out of the band. *Kingfish* is an instrumental by the full band, a medium-gaited blues with solos by Hamp, a tenor, a French horn (apparently) and a boy flute!

None of these soloists is credited on the label, though it's because of them that the record is interesting. Quincy Jones wrote the arrangement. (MGM 11227.)

Johnny Hodges

★★★★ *Below The Azores*
★★★★ *Who's Excited?*

Azores is another Oriental opus like many that Johnny cut in the 1930's with Lawrence Brown enacting the role of Juan Tizol. Pianist Leroy Lovett wrote an attractive arrangement of his own melody, and the side hangs together well in



CORAL'S CONNIE RUSSELL, recently added to that label's roster, was also added to this diesel engine for glamour purposes when the New York Central had something or other to celebrate. Connie, like the railroad, is a great user of electric power: through it she transmits her voice over the air on the Dave Garroway show.

overall mood.

Who's is the Hodges tune that was made into a pop song with Johnny Mercer lyrics added. In its original form as an instrumental, it's a delightful thing—says nothing very new, but says it with a gentle swing and the fresh breath of Hodges' alto at its least mannered. (Mercury 8977.)

Johnny Hodges

Things Ain't What They Used to Be
That's the Blues Old Man
Day Dream
Passion Flower
Going Out the Back Way
Junior Hop
Good Queen Bess
Squatty Roo

Album Rating: ★★★

Reissues of eight numbers cut by Hodges in 1940 and '41 with some colleagues from Duke's band.

Although Cootie, Nance, Carney, Lawrence Brown and Duke are among those present, Hodges hogs the limelight on most sides, and deservedly so. The pretty tunes are exquisite and the jump tunes are light, breezy and unpretentious. They represent two types of music Johnny is evidently scared to touch nowadays.

Album notes credit *Things Ain't* to Duke, "with lyrics by Johnny Mercer." Neither Duke nor Johnny penned it; it's Mercer Ellington's. (Victor LPT 3000.)

Woody Herman

Tenderly
Sonny Speaks
Keeper Of The Flame
Early Autumn
Rhapsody In Wood
Starlight Souvenirs
More Moon
Lemon Drop

Album Rating: ★★★★★

Let's extend a congratulatory hand to Capitol for making eight great Herman Herd sides available on an LP. (Then let's withdraw it quickly for their failure to include such unissued items as *The Great Lie* and *Lollipop*.)

Tenderly, a great Hefti arrangement, is a rare example of modern jazz played effectively in 3/4 time, with pretty Woody alto and Buddy Savitt tenor. *Sonny* is a head arrangement of the late Sonny Berman's tune. *Flame* is Shorty Rogers' re-write of the *Found A New Baby* changes, with Serge, Getz, Zoot, Gibbs, Lou Levy Bill Harris and Ernie Royal all in there pitching.

Early Autumn is only one of the greatest jazz records of all time. *Wood* is one of Woody's best clarinet jobs and a charming Ralph Burns original. *Starlight* is the least exciting side of the group, a mild pretty tune. *Moon*, of course, is Shorty's writing again, with Gene Ammons stealing the honors, and *Lemon Drop*, with Terry Gibbs' comedy vocal, is at once tricky, clever, funny and full of great music.

Classics In Jazz, the title of Capitol's

current series of LPs, is a title richly deserved by this one. It should be in every jazz record library. (Capitol H 324.)

Eddie Heywood

★★ *Black Moonlight*
★ *Rainfall*

Eddie is our candidate for the most artificial piano stylist of the decade. Anyone who has heard his exasperatingly repetitious insistence on a linking phrase, in his arrangement of *Summertime*, will be staggered to hear it has now been turned into an original composition entitled *Rainfall*.

Moonlight, while by no means extraordinary, at least tells the song's story without any of the synthetic stylistic contrivances that have, alas, become the trademark of him who was once one of our favorite jazz pianists. (MGM 11235.)

Wynton Kelly

★★★ *Born to Be Blue*
★★ *Where or When*
★★★ *Cherokee*
★★ *Moonglow*

Four pleasing modern jazz piano solos, accompanied by Lee Abrams on drums and Oscar Pettiford on bass (replaced by Franklin Skeete on *Cherokee*).

The pretty Torme tune (*Blue*), effective, with the boppish rendition of the Ray Noble standard a strong runner-up. *Where*, the weakest side, has moments that could just as well be Jose Melis, though the jazz portion is agreeable. (Blue Note 1578, 1579.)

Gene Krupa Trio

★ *St. Louis Blues*
★ *Stardust*

Visually, performances of this type are very exciting. Aurally, they can be pretty terrifying. Ventura digs up every trick in the books, with some of his most affected baritone work on the second side. All it adds up to is that there have been 5,000 records of *Stardust* and *St. Louis Blues* and now there are 5,001. (Mercury 8983.)

Elliot Lawrence

★★★ *A Little Wake Up Music*
★★★ *Release Me*

An instrumental by Johnny Mandel, this has a Basic-ish tinge. The melody is a light riff thing a la 9:20 *Special* and Elliot's piano is on a Count kick.

Release Me has a vocal duet by Corky Robbins and Johnny Bosworth. The tune is slight but the band kicks mightily. (King 15181.)

Marian McPartland

★★★ *Strike Up The Band*
★★ *Love Is Here To Stay*

Piano solos with rhythm. *Band* goes at a brisk clip; a challenge to the lady's beat which she doesn't quite meet. After the first chorus or so, though, she gets in some good ideas. *Love* is a routine ballad solo, not representing the cream of what Marian can offer. (Savoy 846.)

The Modern Idiom

★★★★ *Round Robin* (Kenton)
★★★★ *Overtime* (Barnet)
★★★★ *Budo* (Miles Davis)
★★★★ *Aishie* (De Franco)
★★★★ *Oo-La-La* (Gillespie)
★★★★ *Spain* (Herman)
★★★★ *Opus 96* (Bill Harris)
★★★★ *Short Wave* (Ferguson)

Cut in 1949 and '50, these left-over



ONE MAN BAND is Jerry Shand, shown here with a couple of the several instruments he has featured via multi-taping on his recent Capitol sides. Shand's combo was recently entrenched at Manhattan's Warwick Hotel Raleigh Room.

sides constitute an interesting album of (ahh! don't ruin the sales!) bop.

When Kenton's band becomes Shorty Rogers' mouthpiece, as it does on *Robin*, the results compensate for a multitude of Stan's sins of pretention. Shorty's tune, arrangement and solo, the band's beat and Pepper's contribution make this one of Stan's best modern jazz sides ever.

Overtime is the same Rugolo tune the Metronome All Stars played, but the performance here doesn't compare in spirit or beat. There are solos by alto, trumpet, tenor and another trumpet, but the notes fail to specify who takes which.

Budo is one of the memorable Miles Davis series, a Bud Powell tuned voiced for French horn, tuba et al, with solos by Winding, Konitz, Mulligan, Miles. Played cleaner, it'd have rated five stars.

Aishie is an original by Teddy Charles; his vibes and Buddy's clarinet and Jimmy Raney's guitar make it fine modern listening.

Oo-La-La has a vocal by Joe Carroll (uncredited) and good work by Dizzy, also some tenor work by John Coltrane and/or Paul Gonsalves, but tune and band performance are undistinguished.

Spain is a fine Hefti arrangement with four-brothers-type saxes, solos by Bill Harris and Milt Jackson and alto by Woody.

The Harris side has an intriguing instrumentation, including English horn and oboe, but because of imperfect performance and recording balance it doesn't quite come off. Lou Stein, Shelly and Safranski make an interesting rhythm section.

The last side is a typically mephitic diaph of Ferguson, even though served up in a Shorty Rogers arrangement with a dash of Pepper. For Ferguson fans, fine. (Capitol H 325.)

Monarch All Star Jazz Vol. 5

Windjammer
Skyhawk
Sky Dust
I Surrender Dear
Get Happy
Sweets

Album Rating: ★★★★★

All six items were cut for Sunset in 1945. First two have Willie Smith flanked by McGhee, Lucky Thompson, Arnold Ross, Lee Young, Safranski. *Skyhawk* is very pretty.

Next two titles are from the Ventura date, with Ross, Dave Barbour, Artie Shapiro and Nick Fatool. *Sky Dust* is royalty-evasionese for *Ghost of a Chance*, well handled as tenor solo by CV.

Final pair are Red Callender's date, sidemen being the late Herbie Haymer, Harry Edison, Ross, Shadow Wilson and Les Paul, who plays a couple of good, one-track-only jazz guitar choruses. *Sweets* is some ad libbing on the *Lady Be Good* changes.

Gosh, jazz was fun in that transitional era. Men on these sides are today spread all around between the bop camp, the Hollywood studios, the radio world and the echo chamber—never to reunite. (Monarch LP 205.)

Charlie Parker

★★ *Autumn In New York*
★★ *Temptation*

The resplendent sheen of novelty and excitement that coated Bird's string experiments, back in the days when they were experiments, seems to have worn off. Whether because the arrangements are logey and a little pretentious, there's no real excitement here.

Charlie's tone is loud and unsubtle and the only mild surprise is the insertion of a couple of solos by other horns, for the first time in this series—a trombone bit here, a trumpet there.

Charlie should have made that first fine album with strings and then moved on to something new. He is too great a musician to get into a rut. (Mercury 11064.)

Oscar Peterson

★★★★ *But Not For Me*
★★★★ *Rough Ridin'*

Peterson's voice recalls Phil Moore, but the resemblance stops abruptly when it reaches the piano. Both sides jump neatly, with fine support from Ray Brown and Alvin Stoller, and welcome solos by Barney Kessel. Latter is one of the top jazz guitar men, too rarely heard on records. (Mercury 8976.)

Oscar Pettiford

★★★★ *Cello Again*
★★★★ *Sonny Boy*

New sounds are what's making it in the music biz today, and here's one sound that's as fresh as tomorrow's Les Paul release and twice as natural. No multiple tracking, no echo chambers; just Oscar's cello, pizzicato, and a mind as fast as his (Turn to Page 18)

The Blindfold Test

The Count Jumps For Everything

By LEONARD FEATHER

Five eventful years had passed since the last time Count Basie put on the blindfold. Then, as now, it seemed necessary to explain that the Count's high ratings of most of the records were not due to a desire to avoid offending anyone, but simply to his broad-minded attitude, his easy-going nature and all-encompassing love of music.

Bearing that in mind, let's reconstruct what happened when he listened to a pile of widely-assorted recent releases.

The Records

1. That sounds real great. Sounds like a Neal Hefti arrangement . . . I can understand that voicing because he's done some things for me, and—that first chorus sounded like some things he did for my small band. Possibly this is Neal's band. As far as I'm concerned it's right at the top—definitely five stars. Wonderful beat—starts right out jumping.

2. I know this from somewhere—it seems as though every time I turn on a radio this seems to slip in; and I've always liked it. It's cute, real cute, and although it's sort of not in my department and I don't know too much about that type of music, I like it an awful lot. Wonderful piano; vibes sound like what's-his-name, Gibbs, a little bit; and the alto, if it's not the Bird, he loves Bird. All the solos were wonderful. I've got to give it four stars.

3. No carbon copy can be that close—it must be the Master. So there's nothing else to say about it except just to give it the full count. The singing's a little unusual—maybe it's that new kid Duke picked up in St. Louis. He's got a little different style that might possibly catch on later. Anyway, the background is so wonderful and the band is so great, there's nothing I can do but give the record five.

4. I don't know that record. It sounds like Frog playing tenor—Ben Webster. Sounds a little like Johnny Otis on the vibes. And a wonderful piano player—whatever that is, he sure plays some blues. And I don't suppose it could be, but it sounds like T-Bone Walker playing guitar. They really go for that kind of guitar playing down South. You know what I think about the blues, and I think this is a hell of a record. Everything about this one is fine; give it the count.

5. There would be no way for me to tell you the name of any of the guys on that one . . . It could be any one of those good Dixieland groups. They all reach the same goal. I like Dixieland, and this one has something in it that's a little different. Four for me.

6. That's Johnnie the Ray . . . That happens to be one of the recordings that I personally like. I like the tune, and Johnnie is definitely a stylist; nobody could do it that way but Johnnie. All of Johnnie's first things were the ones I really went for. I don't know whether this was an early recording or not, but this really fits him, and the background is fine. Nothing I can say but five star final!

7. I don't know what to say about the record—I'm not used to hearing *Flyin' Home* with words on. The only thing I could really hear on this was the tenor player; I'll give him five stars and give the record as a whole three.



Count Basie

8. You can take this off right now—I don't need to hear it. All I can say is, the greatest! He is the greatest. Wonderful taste—he just knew what to do—he's tops. And the guitarist and Chris—they're all wonderful. All the solos are marvelous. Five stars? Ten stars!

9. Sounds like my boy—sounds like the king. Which king? The new king! . . . It even sounds like Buddy's arrangement—a very easy-going arrangement, and the band plays it very well. Five.

10. How many tracks are there on this? It's a very unusual sound—I've never heard this done before. It's good. Give it three.

Afterthoughts by Count

I think it's just a matter of time—big bands are going to make it again. A few months, maybe a year—but I think they'll be back. I can sort of halfway feel it in the few little one-nighters that we're doing. And then guys like the Duke, who's still laying on it; and Billy May and Anthony, they're doing an awful lot for it.

Bop? I think the exaggerated part of it's dead—the style is definitely still there; it's just the modern turn of things.

It's a strange thing—when we had our little combination together and we first went to Chicago—the guy that was running the joint, he said he wouldn't have any bop in his joint. Wouldn't stand for it. But that was all the guys were playing! Buddy and Clark Terry and Wardell—that's all they were playing, but evidently it was something he could halfway understand; all those guys told a story when

Records Played for Count Basie

Count was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Neal Hefti. *Always* (Coral). Frances Wayne & Cavaliers, vocal.
2. Thelonious Monk. *Four in One* (Blue Note). Monk, piano; Milton Jackson, vibes; Sahib Shihab, alto.
3. Duke Ellington. *Blues at Sundown* (Columbia). Lloyd Oldham, vocal.
4. Johnny Otis. *One Nighter Blues* (Mercury). Otis, vibes; Ben Webster, tenor; Pete Lewis, guitar; Lady Dee, piano.
5. Marvin Ash. *Sweethearts on Parade* (Capitol).
6. Johnnie Ray. *Give Me Time* (Columbia).
7. Amos Milburn. *Flyin' Home* (Aladdin). Tenor not identified.
8. Bill Davis Trio. *Piccadilly Circus* (Okeh). Davis, organ; Bill Jennings, guitar; Chris Columbus, drums.
9. Buddy De Franco. *Will You Still Be Mine* (MGM). De Franco, clarinet & arr.
10. Stan Freeman (harpsichord solo). *Jesters Creepers* (Columbia).

they played, and he liked it.

The band I have now has a little taste of bop in it. There's got to be a little taste in each band. You just can't go on doing the same old things. You can still play the old tunes, but they've got to be doctored up a little. The old sounds won't fit now. Sometimes we go into the back of the book and take out some of those things, and it's plain cake! Things have got to march on—you can't stay back there in '38 and '39.

The only things that stays the same is the blues. And they're even turning them a little bit now!

Book Reviews

Novel Set In New Orleans

Music Out of Dixie (306 pp., Rinehart & Co. Inc., \$3.50) is a novel with a New Orleans jazz setting. Its author, Harold Sinclair, states on the dust jacket that he once played the trumpet, thus acquiring the "jazz know-how" that eventually went into this book.

For students of the early days of jazz, this may or may not prove to be stimulating reading, depending largely on the thickness of the reader's skin in the matter of racial dialects.

Sinclair tells the story of a young Negro, raised in the slums of New Orleans. Interwoven into the story are real-life characters who mingle with the fictional members of the plot, notably Jelly Roll Morton, who appears at some length in the first attempt to fictionalize a reconstruction of his bizarre personality.

Unfortunately Mr. Sinclair, despite his self-proclaimed authority and experience in the field, has listened with a slightly twisted ear to the conversation of New Orleans Negroes. A sample of his dialogue should suffice to make up your mind whether you can go along with him:

"Ah sho' would admire to hear you play dat pianna. But Ah ain't los' much in N' Awlins lately. Ain't been across de rivah in Ah don't know when. You come back and see us now, boy, you heah me?"

It is possible that somewhere, sometime, this may have been an accurate phonetic transliteration of the way Mr. Sinclair heard people talk. Even allowing him the benefit of this doubt, it makes for painfully awkward reading.

As if that were not enough, there is also a Jewish character in the book. He is a moneylender, and he wears a skull-cap and runs a pawnshop, and he bargains and barter and says: "Vot could ve do for you dis afternoon? . . . Und vy not? Ain't it in the window?"

Uncle Tom, Shylock and Fagin are long since dead and buried. It's too bad they can't stay that way.

Mr. Sinclair clearly has no malicious motive in disinterring them, but, as that old Italian proverb said, the road to hell is paved with good intentions. —len

Helpful Tips On Copyrights

How To Protect And Copyright Your Songs In The United States and Throughout The World (Checkerbard Products, Inc., \$1.00). By Philip F. Barbanell.

If you are one of the five out of every four Americans (this was the last statistic I heard) who think they can write a song, this little pamphlet may be very valuable to you.

It goes into every necessary detail about international copyright protection, the fundamental laws underlying copyright, and such corollary problems as the status of public domain music.

The last six pages are reproductions of an application to Washington for copyright registration, and

Bird Flies To LA's Tiffany

Hollywood—Charlie Parker, who hasn't made an appearance in Los Angeles for several years, opened at the Tiffany club starting May 29.

Chuck Landis, operator of the Tiffany, has sold his other niter, the Surf. He said: "In trying to run two jazz clubs here I was just competing with myself."

Landis has Nat Cole set for the Tiffany starting July 3, and Louis Jordan, who hasn't played a local spot for a long time, coming in July 28.

a similar application to World Copyrights Ltd., for which Mr. Barbanell, a New York lawyer, is the American representative.

Now all we need is a companion pamphlet showing how to collect record royalties and performance fees from all over the world. Coming up next, maybe, Mr. Barbanell? —len

Sidemen Switches

The Soft Winds.—Bonnie Wetzel, bass for Johnny Frigo, to be replaced after 3 weeks by Jimmy Stutz . . . Earl Hines—Aaron Sachs, clarinet; in . . . Jerry Wald—Pete Mondello, bari. for Eddie Caine . . . Elliot Lawrence—Nick Travis, tpt. for Don Leight; Al DeFisti, tpt. for Larry Leight; Dick Sherman, tpt. for Charlie Panelly.

Tony Pastor—Sam Feedy, drums for Bob Glucksman (to Bob Chester for Bert Silvers) . . . Ralph Flanagan—George Guggisberg, tpt. for Buddy Karboski . . . Ronnie Selby Trio (La Vie En Rose)—Mario Toscarelli, drums, for Kenny John (to Bud Freeman) . . . Horace Diaz (St. Regis Hotel)—Bobby Lopez, drums for Mario Toscarelli . . . Bill Wink Trio (Nocturne Club)—Milt Fishkin, piano for Ernie Keys.

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Jumped from Page 3)

session at Nob Hill going great. May be expanded to weekends.

Jimmy Ille's Dixie men at the Brass Rail and swinging happily... Ray Reynolds' swing-comedy combo at the Pla-Bowl... Cy Touff trio no longer at the Spotlite. Tenor man Haig Chitjian (sic) took over.

BOSTON

This month the Hi-Hat is making it the most of the Boston clubs, musically and financially... Stan Getz' week provided Bostonians with the best modern jazz unit since Stan's last visit to the city... Dizzy Gillespie brought in Wynton Kelly, piano; Bill Graham, baritone and alto; Al Jones, drums; and exuberant Joe Carroll on vocals, maracas and anything else loose on the stand... Dizzy hired young local bassist Bernard Griggs and was so impressed, he plans to keep Griggs in the combo. It's Griggs' first big break... Dizzy demonstrated again that a band can be humorous, swingingly commercial and still blow a lot of jazz.

On May 12 the Symphony Sid assemblage arrived, with Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Milt Jackson, Kenny Clarke, Percy Heath and tenorist Phil Urso. The club based most of its advertising on Sid but local musicians trust the populace came to hear the men with the instruments... Teddy Wilson's eagerly awaited week began May 19.

Storyville has featured return engagements by Josh White and the Erroll Garner trio... Roy Haynes is still house drummer at Storyville, but should be back in New York by June unless George Wein can convince him to join the Storyville band at the Hawthorne Inn in East Gloucester for the summer. The Hawthorne personnel so far consists of Johnny Windhurst, who's been taking Wild Bill Davidson's place at Condon's; Eddie Hubble, trombone; John Field, bass; and George Wein, piano... Storyville closes in Boston until fall, after Ella Fitzgerald leaves on June 1. The Hawthorne Inn date begins June 27.

While in town, Josh White sang and spoke on race relations at an assembly on public affairs at Boston University... At another B.U. meeting, a full house reacted warmly to an informal jazz group with George Wein, John Field, trumpeter Phil Edmunds, clarinetist Bob Mitchell and one of Boston's ablest percussionists, George Travers.

HOLLYWOOD

Fats Pichon, New Orleans jazz pianist, will be seen (and heard) in Ed Gardner's television of *Duffy's Tavern*, filmed here for release as an *All-Star Revue* presentation on NBC-TV June 21 (unless they change the date again)... Benny Carter assembled a solid combo for a nitery sequence (visual and sound) in 20th's forthcoming *Night Without Sleep* (Linda Darnell, Gary Merrill). He had Jerry Wiggins, piano; Ben Webster and Bumps Myers, tenors; Keg Johnson, trombone; George Jenkins, drums; Charlie Drayton, bass; Ulysses Livingston, guitar. Latter present on soundtrack only. Webster and Jenkins are from the quintet Benny has been heading at Sardi's, where he looks like a long hold-over.

Jo Anne Greer, the voice for Rita Hayworth in *Rita's Affair in Trinidad*, will also be the voice of Charlotte Austin (Gene's daughter) when Charlotte makes her film debut in the next Frankie Laine-Billy Daniels picture, *Rainbow*

'Round My Shoulder... Marili Ertegun would like it known that the Jazzman Record Shop is unaffected by the sale of Jazzman record masters (to Les Koenig of Goodtime Jazz) or any other changes, is still very much in business and that she is operating it... Tommy Dorsey, while on the Coast for his current Palladium stand unloaded his lease on the shuttered Casino Gardens at Ocean Park, which had been costing him \$850 a month rent (it cost plenty more every time he tried to open it).

KEYSPOTTINGS: Earl Hines, heading a sextet with Ella Jones on vocals, now in the Oasis... Art Pepper (alto), now heading a trio with Russ Freeman, piano, and Lawrence Marable, drums (wonder if he's related to famed jazzman Fate Marable of Mississippi river boat days?) at Astor's in North Hollywood... Ed ("Sextet from Hunger") Skrivanelek two-beat troupe at Beverly Cavern during Kid Ory's northward trek. Ed (banjo) now has Georgie Thow, trumpet; Brad Gowans, trombone; Red Dorris, clarinet (there's a switch for the onetime Kenton alto star); Red Cooper, drums; Don Owens, piano; and Budd Hatch, tuba... Pete Daily (cornet) is holding forth at Music Inn, a new spot on our beat, with Skippy Anderson, piano; Warren Smith, trombone; Lou Diamond, drums; Lenny Esterdahl, banjo (sure, they're bobbing up all over!) and Willie Martinez, clarinet.

Mike Riley and his trombone discovered at Hollywood's Bamboo room. His aides are Don Lynn, piano; Red Coffee, drums; Len Johnson, guitar... Jimmie Ford (piano) trio, which replaced phonograph records as intermission music at the Palladium several weeks ago, held over for the same stint during Brother Tommy's stand. Jimmie has Wally Turner, bass; Lee Krikorian, drums. Palladium fills out its summer schedule with Benny Strong (June 17), Ray Anthony (July 15), Les Brown (Aug. 12).

SAN FRANCISCO

Lu Watters, whose Yerba Buena Jazz band sparked the Dixieland revival around here several years back, has retired from the music business for good and will leave for Nevada shortly to devote himself to his hobby of rock collecting... He is looking for a buyer for the Ralph Sutton masters he has... The Kid Ory-Turk Murphy Dixieland concert May 11 in Oakland was a bomb. Promoter showed up late and a crowd of over 200 waited an hour for tickets to go on sale. Total attendance was less than 400... Roy Milton, Ray Brown, Johnny Otis set for one-nighters here at the end of May... Jimmy Dorsey played several Army bases and a one-nighter at Linn's ballroom in May... The Frisco Jazz band records owned by Pacific are being peddled to Decca.

Fire House Five Plus Two played an afternoon concert at the Italian Village with the Turk Murphy crew... Dave Brubeck set for eight weeks at the Black Hawk opening May 27... John Bur-Ton planning a concert package along the lines of JATP... Paul Speegle's great disc jockey show dropped by KNBC with Speegle joining Radio Free Asia... Buddy Motesinger playing the piano on a KRON TV program regularly... Kenny Beior joining the group at the Say When on piano... Nellie Lutchler's date at the Say When wet-blanketed by suspension of the club's likker license.

Chords And Discords

Israeli Appeal: Reader Raps Hammond: JATP-BMU Jam

2 West 46th St.
New York City

To the Editors:

I am writing on behalf of my son, Melvin J. Keller, who is a musician and a member of Local 802, New York. He is presently in Israel and made certain observations at the various towns and villages, and am quoting part of one of his letters:

"I also visited a kibbutz (Givat Brenner), the largest in Israel. They have a beautiful theater and are known for their orchestra and choir, but their big problem is their inability to buy wind instruments. So here's your chance. Any kind of wind or percussion instrument will be welcome. It goes without saying that in a new land music is almost as important as food. It builds morale and draws people closer together and gives them strength to go on..."

If there is a possibility through your good offices to make an appeal to the musicians for their old instruments or instruments of their acquaintances that may be collecting dust in closets or attics, it would be a very worthwhile undertaking.

Charles S. Keller

Hammers Hammond

Bronx, N. Y.

To the Editors:

My deep-seated like and understanding of all forms of jazz was shaken right to its foundation when I read a column in the last issue of *Down Beat* by that so called critic, discoverer of talent, agent, columnist, benefactor of the music business, and self appointed healer of all the ills of the music world, John Hammond.

It was his column about Wild Bill Davis which caused this unrest in me. However, I want it understood, I have nothing against Wild Bill. In fact, I wish him all the luck in the world. On the other hand, let's not pretend he is a great jazzman or even a good jazzman.

To be specific: He isn't original. He plays clichés over and over.

He plays entirely too loud with no dynamic control.

He doesn't play good jazz, basically. It is a combination of the

bad elements of the old and new schools.

He hasn't good conception and his playing isn't sincere. It is externally adopted.

His time is unsteady.

His only appeal is commercially, whether people realize it or not. He has no jazz appeal to anyone who knows anything about jazz.

He doesn't swing and he plays in a very unrelaxed way. Moreover, no matter who plays it, the organ has no place in modern jazz. Bill Jennings is basically a good jazzman, of the Charlie Christian type. He is the only semi-bright spot in the group.

Chris Columbus has no time (speeds up, slows down); has no technique and doesn't swing. He has bad taste. He is a clown. He has no jazz feeling and obviously never had, for any form of jazz.

Let John Hammond review comedy bands and the like. Give some of your more serious jazz columns to some writer such as Nat Hentoff and/or to one of the new writers, such as Steven Allen, who sounds as if he knows what he is talking about.

Norman Grossman

JATP-BMU Hassel

London, England

To the Editors:

During the last few weeks there has been a great controversy in British Jazz circles over the flat refusal by the British Musicians Union to allow the Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe to play in London.

Norman Granz offered to bring his unit to London to play for whatever charity the BMU named. He also offered to pay for all necessary transportation and other expenses during the time spent in London.

A spokesman for the BMU, in a letter to Granz refusing the offer, concludes by stating that the members of the group being all members of the AFM must be aware that the policy of the U.S. federation is opposed to the presentation of foreign orchestras and groups of musicians in the U.S. therefore until the federation policy is modified to provide for a reciprocal exchange of musicians between America and Britain the union is compelled to oppose presentation of American musicians here.

Dispute

This decision has been widely disputed both in the British press and in jazz circles throughout the land. The majority of British Jazz fans realize the JATP could have given British Jazz a much needed shot in the arm and are asking why unions in France, Belgium, Sweden and Holland allowed them to play if it wasn't for the public's benefit instead of the unions.

Speaking now for the American GI's stationed here, it would have been great to hear Flip, Ella, Oscar and the rest of the group once again after such a long time. Here is just another example of dictatorship in musicians' unions, be it in Britain or America, to prove once again that the public doesn't have much voice in regards to what type of music it wants to hear.

Cpl. Bob Camford
U.S.A.F.

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Caught In The Act

Pearl Bailey, Herbie Fields, Buddy Baer
at Paramount, N. Y. C.

There isn't much you can say about Pearl Bailey that will add anything vital to the literature on the subject.

Headlining the Paramount show, she still managed miraculously to give such an impression of spontaneity that even a seasoned observer couldn't tell a planned line or movement or phrase from an ad-libbed one.

Singing well, looking great, Pearl was a knockout. The only complaint might be that perhaps, to please those of us who see her so often, she could do a couple of less familiar numbers.

Buddy Baer, a bristling Samson with a likeable larynx, sang some special material dedicated to his anomalous status in show-business, but got to grips with his subject

by doing a thoroughly competent vocal job on, of all things, *Tenderly*. We can safely say that no other ex-prize-fighter ever sang *Tenderly* so tenderly.

Herbie Fields, expanded to a bigish band (five brass), fronted well, mostly on soprano sax. Trumpeter Doug Mettome (ex-Woody) and trombonist Bob Burgess (ex-Jordan) came forward to join him on a boisterous, happy-go-lousy rendition of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. (We use this adjective merely to denote that Mettome and Burgess deliberately shed their feeling for modern sounds in order to get into the right spirit.) The rhythm section, with excellent modern guitar sounds, was an anachronism in this pseudo-New Orleans setting. —len

Anita Ellis, Annette Warren
Blue Angel, Maisonette, N. Y. C.



Annette Warren

Anita and Annette belong in the same review because they have so much in common. Both are attractive brunettes; both have been used extensively in Hollywood as voice doubles (Anita for Vera Ellen and Rita Hayworth, Annette for Ava Gardner and others). Both opened recently in smart, intimate New York night spots.

The main thing that strikes you about a performance like Anita's is that fame could ruin it. Fame would take it out of the apt, cozy setting of the darkened Blue Angel with its few dozen appreciative customers and would set her up before an audience of millions on TV, before whom she would be obliged to perform.

Fame, too, would give her a 99-piece accompanying orchestra, when she could never have anything greater than the Ellis Larkins trio, which plays for her here. So let's all work hard to keep Anita Ellis in obscurity, so she can go on singing wonderful songs like *Porgy* in those personal yet potent tones, with that fine sense of a beat that gets there without showing.

Maisonette Maiden

Annette Warren is every iota as pretty and talented as Anita, though her luster has to shine not in the setting of a Larkins trio but of the Milt Shaw house group at the St. Regis Hotel's Maisonette.

Trained by Phil Moore, she behaves at times like a subdued Lena Horne, but with a frolicsome sense of humor that Lena's work doesn't possess. Her coiffure and gowns add to the charm of her performance; and she, too, has a fine beat, good vocal quality, plus clever special material such as *I'm A Real Gone Girl* and *He's A Cousin Of Mine*.

It's a shame that singers like this can't make some of the smaller towns, where entertainment of this kind is presumably held to be too sophisticated. Truly, there's nothing that abstruse about it. Good singing is good singing, and it shouldn't take a theatre or an auditorium to prove it. —len



Anita Ellis

Maynard Ferguson Orch, Kay Brown
Rendezvous Ballroom, Balboa Beach, Cal.

The high-note specialist, ex-Kenton star and winner of *Down Beat* poll for 1951, launched his new band and/or act as a combination presentation consisting of himself and wife Kay Brown ("Special Added Attraction") that is something distinctly new. Ferguson heads a band (personnel will be subject to shifting, therefore is not listed) comprised of four saxes, five brass (three trumpets, two trombones, plus Ferguson who doubles from trumpet to trombone to reeds) that carries only a suggestion of the Kenton brand of progressive jazz with which Ferguson was generally identified.

On this date, the straight dance numbers seemed to go over well with the essentially teen-age and early college crowd. Older customers would prefer less variety in the tempos.

Skilled Trouper

Kay Brown (Mrs. Ferguson), who does not appear as band vocalist, put on two "shows" during the evening and obviously hit this audience just right with her singing, dancing and personality. She proved to be a skilled, highly professional trouper. She skipped the

synthetic Dixie stuff with which she got her start, incidentally, sticking to special material, like her *Wow* novelty, and her ballad hit, *A Kiss to Build a Dream On*. When not doing her turn did a great job of mingling with the customers and glad-handing her fans. Peppie Ray, a trumpet player who also dances, came out of the band to work with her on a rumba routine.

Ferguson Hoofs

Ferguson put on quite an act himself, impressing the patrons with his dexterity on several instruments and even scampering through a dance routine himself.

No doubt that this band presentation, or whatever it's supposed to be, was a solid hit with this crowd at Balboa, though it's not likely to contribute anything to posterity

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Tony Bennett

This Tony Talks Turkey: Success Solid But Scary!

By MEL MANDEL

Cleveland—"Success is great, but it can be very frightening!" Tony Bennett, whose recordings of *Because of You* and *Cold Cold Heart* skyrocketed him to fame and commercial success, leaned back and took a deep breath.

"Let's face it," he went on, "the only way you can go is down... unless of course you're as great and as solidly entrenched as Perry or Bing. That's why you keep singing your heart out; keep singing with all the sincerity and feeling music-wise. Probably not ready for records yet, but a natural for a ballroom or supper room TV tie-up right now. —cmg

Georgie Auld, Anita O'Day
Blue Note, Chicago

Georgie Auld brought a highly-pleasing little group into the Blue Note the last two weeks of May. Though considerably more subdued than any of his previous units (there was much more reliance on soft, subtle ballads), it was still the same auld Georgie when swing time came around. He continues to be just about the most flexible tenor man in captivity.

He brought vibist Larry Bunker with him from the coast, used a local rhythm section consisting of pianist Eddie Petan, bassist Johnny Frigo (ex-Soft Winds), and drummer Red Lionberg.

They all got a chance to wail, with Bunker proving a most welcome addition to the fast-forming crowd of modern vibists, Frigo doubling on some slickly-played jazz violin, and Petan showing a constantly-growing depth and skill in his 88-ing.

Georgie's recent record hits (*Manhattan*, *Please Mr. Sun*, *Man with a Horn*, etc.) were received excellently despite the fact he didn't have voices backing him, and the applause accorded *Crush on You* and others of that ilk hint that it is in this vein he can break open on wax after years of frustration playing swinging jazz on many labels.

Anita had some trouble. Though, on the whole, her singing was excellent, she had a most difficult time overcoming the size of the room—couldn't project enough to hold the attention of the entire crowd. Thus the spark one gets from hearing her in an intimate atmosphere just wasn't present.

It also seemed that she was sacrificing her greatest asset—a natural, compelling, rhythmic feeling—for the sake of trying some difficult changes and some uncomfortably fast tempos.

Her choice of material was excellent—it's a kick to hear a singer do things like *Gypsy in My Soul*, *You Can Depend on Me*, the practically-unknown *Strawberry Moon*, etc., instead of clinging strictly to the usual mixture of overworked standards and "my latest record release." —jac

Modern Jazzmen Go Dixieland—For Kicks

By GEORGE HOEFER

New York—"DIXIELAND JAZZ CONCERT TONIGHT"—All Star Line-Up. Hear Wild Bill Davison's cornet, George Brunis' trombone, Pee Wee Russell's clarinet, Joe Sullivan's piano, Eddie Safranski's bass, and Don Lamond's drums.

This is the typical personnel listing found in the New York papers heralding one of the many Dixie concerts currently being held regularly at Stuyvesant Casino, Central Plaza, Childs' Paramount Grill, etc.

The Dixie fanatic might observe such an ad with skepticism. He

might say, "What's going on here? Look at that rhythm section. What are Pee Wee, Wild Bill and George doing jamming with an ex-Kenton bassist and an ex-Herman drummer?" The same thought might occur to the modern jazz fan. "What kicks do Eddie and Don get mixing it with those two-beaters?"

There are two major reasons a jazz musician plays concert dates. Obviously, concerts are a good source of income. Quite a few of the Dixie-styled boys are depending entirely on the loot from the one night bashes. Right now there are many different Dixie sessions and they happen frequently enough to keep a jazz name busy.

Self-Expression

Obviously the money angle is not too important to guys like Ed Safranski, Don Lamond, Bobby Hackett, and other musicians who are currently on the staffs of one or the other radio-television studio. This brings up the second reason for playing jazz concerts. The fine opportunity for self-expression appeals to all the boys. It is an opportunity to let themselves go and express their own ideas. As Safranski puts it, "We put in long hours of rehearsals for shows and read the sheets to play music someone else has dreamed up. At Stuyvesant, you get to make your instrument talk for yourself."

Safranski points out another minor reason why studio men welcome an opportunity to play jam sessions that are publicized. It gives them a chance to keep their names in front of the public. There is always the possibility of being forgotten in the anonymity of playing in studio bands.

Networkers

Besides Lamond and Safranski the following studio men who've been identified with modern playing are relaxing in Dixieland jam sessions whenever the chance occurs. Kai Winding, Cliff Leeman, Johnny Blowers, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, and others. Dixie musicians working in the studios and participating at jazz concerts include Bobby Hackett, Frank Signorelli, George Wettling, Peanuts Hucko, Pee Wee Irwin, among others.

Other jazz musicians currently working with the networks include Billy Bauer (ex-Herman, Tristano guitarist), Artie Baker (ex-Scott, BG, Shaw clarinetist), Andy Ferretti, Nick Ciazza, Al Klink, Mickey Bloom, and many others.

you can muster."

Tony began an analysis of his own work and of the songs he had recorded.

"I'll tell you the truth... I'm not satisfied with any of the records I've made. Not completely."

He paused long enough to kick off his shoes.

"I'll do better. I'm studying and learning more and more all the time. *Because of You* was a good commercial song, I think—it was wonderful material for my type of voice. But musically I feel things are happening with me. Of course, Gene is a big help (Gene Di Novi, ex-Krupa keyboardist). He understands and creates with a song. He plays great."

String Quartet

Asked what he thought of the current trends and what he would do if he had to make it all over again, Bennett replied:

"I like things with strings, if you can get 'em. Best of all, in connection with my own records, I like just a string quartet. But what with all the gimmicks and sounds on records these days, I think a guy trying to become big overnight could do very well by making a side with Davey Lambert. The combination of a pop singer up front and some of Davey's work in the background might make a helluva record. It would certainly draw attention (something you have to do these days), and if done well, could really be something."

What is it like? Finally attaining the goal. How does it feel?

The People Yes

"It's wonderful, of course, but a guy should always remember, and be with, the people. The people, yes. There are too many artists who have become tremendously successful in all fields and who forget that they have only attained their stature with the consent of large masses of... people. Ordinary, but wonderful, people. It's wrong for you to sneer at them or high hat them—publicly or privately. I'm with them. I hope they'll stay with me."

"Thanks," he said, as he laced up his shoes. "It's nice to sound off every once in a while. You know, the *Beat* is my favorite magazine. I eyed him suspiciously. He laughed. "Listen," he began, and he enumerated stories from past issues of *Down Beat* at length.

Tony Bennett would probably surprise quite a few people. He knows more about music and the music business than many think he does. And he'll probably have more and more hits... if his recent *Here In My Heart* is any indication at all. He deserves them.

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Counterpoint

Crazy Like A Fox

By NAT HENTOFF

John Birks Gillespie is about as dizzy as that 19th century English Prime Minister who also cavorted cerebrally under that tag—one Benjamin Disraeli.

Like Disraeli, the present-day Dizzy has an incisive eye for both the basic elements and the etiology of whatever interests him. In a recent conversation just after his return from Europe, Dizzy made what struck me as several quite illuminating statements about contemporary jazz, and I thought you might like to hear them.

About its origins, for example. One of the minor but effective ways modern jazz came into being resulted from annoyance. "No one man or group of men started modern jazz, but when we first began to jam at Minton's," Dizzy recalled, "cats would show up who couldn't blow at all but would take six or seven choruses to prove it. So on afternoons before a session, Monk and I began to work out some complex variations on chords and the like and we used them at night to scare way the no-talent guys."

Tempo Fugit

"After a while we got interested in what we were doing as music, and as we began to explore more and more, our music evolved. The music finally took on such proportions that for a while it got away from us. We got too far away from the beat; people couldn't dance to our music—couldn't pat their feet to it. And jazz, after all, must swing. That's what's wrong with Tristano. Where he misses is in tempo."

"But let me tell you a story that shows what happened to some cats. A few years ago I was playing at the Silhouette in Chicago. Our regular drummer had taken the wrong train, so we used the house man. Some cat asked to sit in, so I thought I'd give the relief man a rest. The cat sat down and began riding the cymbal. His bass drum was just stationary. Every once in a while he'd throw it in the same static figure. Plenty of beats but no swing."

What Is It?

"Finally I turned to him and asked him why he didn't use his bass drum. I asked him again and then he got up, real dragged. He looked at me, indignant, and said, 'Man, you don't play be-bop!' And he just walked off the stand right in the middle of the number."

"You've got to remember," Dizzy emphasized, "that jazz is music to be danced to. If you play a concert, that may be something else again, but if it can't be danced to, don't call it jazz."

"You mean like Kenton? Well," Dizzy stopped and grinned quizzically, "Kenton has something, but I don't know what it is."

And that brought Dizzy to the subject of big bands. "If I had bread (Dizzy's basic synonym for loot) I'd certainly start a big band again. For one thing, big bands are essential training grounds for young musicians. I seriously wonder what will happen to jazz unless there appear a number of large, musical bands."

Experience

"You see, a musician needs diversified experience—the kind he can't get in a small combo and the kind he needs to play well in a small combo. When I came to New York, there were a lot of good big bands. If you left one, you'd get a job in another. And you were always learning, because each band

had a different style, a different way of expressing. Guys in the section would help teach you or if they weren't cooperative, you'd learn by yourself. But you'd learn."

"So if I had a big band again, I'd hire about three or four experienced musicians as a nucleus and the rest would be young unknown musicians, and then I'd teach them how to play. It would work commercially too. You'd have to give the people a show, give them comedy, but the band could be musical too and make it."

"But," Dizzy resumed wryly, "I haven't the bread to prove it."

Dizzy was asked which way he thought jazz was going to go considering what was happening now. "Well," said the sometime prime minister, "it'll probably come all the way around to the beginning. Just a guy beating a drum."

Stan Getz Tours, Changes His Mind

Boston—Stan Getz has changed his mind.

Before he came to Boston for a week at the Hi-Hat, Stan did feel, as he said in the May 21 *Beat*, that he was through with the road and would do New York studio work.

After a few days on the stand here, however he came to an inevitable conclusion. "This is the thing I want to do. I've spent so much time in jazz; I can't stop now!"

"I feel so fresh; playing is so much of a ball now. Maybe the rest in New York helped a lot."

Raney Writing

Jimmy Raney is doing most of the writing for the combo. Jimmy, Stan and Charlie Mingus actually form the band's front line, an exciting, constantly stimulating thing to hear.

"I played with some fine men at the studio," Stan emphasized, "but jazz is what I'm happy in. There was security in the studio work, but there wasn't this feeling. 'Stan couldn't find any more words to describe 'this feeling,' but it was all there in the music."

DID YOU KNOW that Stan Kenton recorded the current hit *Kiss of Fire* eleven years ago under the title of *El Choclo*?

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A DUTCH AIRPORT was the scene of this photo, taken during the visit of JATP to Holland. Local citizens shown are Netherlands pianist Pia Beck, currently on a visit to the U. S.; booker Lou van Rees

and Dutch disc jockey Pete Felleman Jr. Aliens on the scene were Norman Granz, Irving Ashby, Oscar Peterson and Flip Phillips.

'Greatest Welcome Since Goodman Era' For Gene Krupa Trio Japanese Tour

By JACK TRACY

Chicago—"It was the most tremendous thing I've ever experienced," said Gene Krupa. "Even greater than any of the big days with Goodman"

He was of course talking about the two frantic April weeks the Krupa trio spent in Japan.

And Charlie Ventura, Teddy Napoleon, and even manager Don Palmer were equally thrilled with the junket that took them 20,000 miles in a month and during which they spent 90 hours in the air and also played two weeks in Honolulu.

The hospitality and appreciation of the Japanese overwhelmed them, and they still speak of it with a trace of awe.

Free Beer, Towels

"The experience was just too much," says Ventura. "There was nothing the people wouldn't do for us. And they'd wait for hours just to get an autograph or take your picture or shake your hand. We'd get off the stand and waiting for us in the dressing room would be three little baskets of cold towels, three big bottles of beer, three stacks of sandwiches—everything in threes. Lines of people would file in with gifts for us—we still haven't had time to open most of them."

They all agree that the Japanese are starving for American jazz and that it could do more to cement relations with that country than anything else we could send them. "They'll open up their hearts to all musicians that get over there," said Palmer. "If we heard it once, we heard it a thousand times: 'Please let the American people and musicians know that we want them to come to Japan.'"

Japanese Bud

Not only are the Japanese listening intently to jazz these days, they're playing it. The group heard many excellent musicians, including a tenor man called Sleepy "who sounds just like Stan Getz," a girl pianist who plays like Shearing, another who is in the Bud Powell idiom, and so on down the line.

They're still at the stage of copying, rather than creating, says Ventura, "but they sure can swing."

Rough Schedule

The tour schedule was a back-breaker. The trio left Chicago at 7 a.m. April 1 after closing at the Silhouette at 3. They flew to Boise to play a date at Mt. Home air base and it took 15½ hours to get there, with the plane bucking headwinds all the way.

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RANDOM IMPRESSIONS:

"Man, we saw nothing but cameras. Every time you turned around, a dozen bulbs would go off" . . . "When we were in that parade, with each of us in a car, I felt like MacArthur," says Napoleon (a good name to have for parades) . . . What do they think of Johnnie Ray? we wondered. "They never heard of him."

"They had about 100 people in the show with us at the Nehegeki theater, including a 32-piece band and a chorus. You know what they were paid in American money? It would come to about \$80 a day for the whole works," says Palmer. . . . All of them would like to go back. "But the bookings would have to be better," inserts Gene. "It was great, but awfully rough" . . . Palmer seemed to be most amazed at the fact that "we traveled 20,000 miles and didn't even lose a toothbrush."

Trombonist Estep Dies In Accident

Hollywood — Hazards of band travel were pointed up again as Dick Estep, 25-year-old trombone player with Chuck Cabot's band, which left here recently on a tour booked out of the GAC Dallas office, was killed in an accident near Roswell, New Mexico, on April 25.

According to rather meager reports here, Estep died of injuries sustained when he fell out of the station wagon in which the band was to go overseas with a radar unit.

Back Home

The next day they headed homeward again and arrived in the states just in time to start working once more.

To The Hills, Men!

New York—Down Beat's Vice President in Charge of Trend-Spotting has come up with a sage and startling observation. Girl singers, he declares, are coming back.

Time was when everyone in the trade, from publishers to a & r men even unto girl singers themselves, were wont to admit sadly that the distaff side of the record sales picture, with the major exception of Patti Page, was woefully weak.

In recent weeks, however, a rapid-fire succession of feminine hits has raised the gals' percentage from an estimated 10% of the total male sale to an actual plurality in the overall picture.

Jo Stafford, of course, had a smash with *Shrimp Boats*. Kay Starr's *Wheel Of Fortune* and Ella Mae Morse's *Blacksmith Blues* made it in a large way in February. More recently came *A Guy Is A Guy* by Doris Day and *Kiss Of Fire* by Georgia Gibbs.

A remarkable aspect of the thing is that all these young ladies, though they are young ladies, have been around the record scene for more than a mere month or two. By music business standards they are virtual veterans.

On the other hand, in the male field most of the oldsters, notably Bing, Sinatra and Como, have not raised any notable heck in sales lately. All the biggest sellers seem to be the younger men—the Mitchells and Fishers, the Rays and the Hayes.

How long it will last nobody can predict, but it looks as though the Cassandra who said "You can't sell girls' voices any more" was way off the beam.

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

If the band business is really coming back, there are a few seemingly trivial factors that could help it along the return route. They are trivial on the surface, but basically they are related to the whole situation that built bands during the swing era.

These thoughts came to mind recently when Capitol's *Classics In Jazz* series arrived in the mail. Capitol has done an excellent thing in making so many good band, combo and solo sides available in a series of LPs. Its intentions were the best; but in its presentation it has botched the job.

As anyone knows who was around during swing—i.e. during the palmy days of the band business—the youngsters who helped to make that era were so devoted to their favorite bands that they even made heroes out of the sidemen and arrangers. Harry James became famous as a Benny Goodman sideman; so did Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton. Arrangers like Fletcher Henderson and Edgar Sampson, because they got so much publicity and credit for their work, became names to reckon with in the national polls.

Nursed Trend

Through the early 1940s, several record companies—notably Columbia when John Hammond was there—nursed this trend along by giving the personnel and arranger label credit on every important instrumental side by big bands, combos and even accompanying groups on such vocal dates as Billie Holiday's.

Without a doubt, this helped to sell records and to stimulate interest in the sidemen of those days, many of whom as a result are national names today.

Capitol, recalling this tradition, lists the complete band personnel, but the compilations and program notes were evidently the work of someone who knows and understands nothing about this kind of music or the men who make it. For example, on the Woody Herman LP, the men are listed under their legal names, evidently taken from the social security withholding tax slip that every man has to fill in during a record date.

Who's Gubenko?

As a result, there is no mention of Terry Gibbs anywhere, though the name of Julius Gubenko is faithfully documented. For your information, some of the other men listed include Milton Rajonsky, whom you would recognize more easily as Shorty Rogers; Martin Flachsenhaar, who, unknown to Capitol, is Marty Flax; Burton Swartz, better known as Buddy Savitt; and Robert Chadnick (here they didn't even get the wrong name right; it should be Chudnick), alias Red Rodney; and John Sims, who has also been heard of as Zoot. (Terry Gibbs says he's worried that Julius Gubenko may beat him in the next *Down Beat* poll.)

The amazing part is that most of the right names could have been found simply by glancing at the original labels. When Capitol released these sides on 78 rpm discs, Woody insisted that the soloists get label credit, and they did, under their pro names.

Leafless Autumn

I have no idea who compiled these LP notes, but as an example of his familiarity with the subject the brightest gem is his comment on *Early Autumn*:

"While the Herd was packing them in at the Hollywood Empire in 1948, this great side was recorded. Woody's alto is outstanding."

That's all! Not a word about the three men—Ralph Burns, Terry Gibbs and Stan Getz—who earned an international reputation largely as a result of this record.

Why couldn't one of Woody's ex-sidemen (such as Shorty Rogers, now living around LA) have been given the annotation job? Couldn't he have made the product more saleable?

Of course, this is just one odd instance; there are dozens more. Lionel Hampton's *Kingfish* contains jazz solos on flute and French horn that would have been a great talking point for hundreds of disc jockeys, but neither solos nor soloists were mentioned on the label or in the publicity blurb.

Sure, let's bring the band business back—but let's encourage it by pointing out the Hendersons and Sampsons, the Jameses and Mussos of today.

Another gesture that could be made on the part of the record companies concerns the recording of instrumentals by name bands.

Time was when Goodman had his *Sing, Sing, Sing*, James his *You Made Me Love You*, Miller his *Moonlight Serenade*, Tommy Dorsey his classical adaptations. Yet today the name band's output is confined to one pop vocal after another, with instrumentals only thrown in once in a while to fill out a date.

Even the bands that do record frequent instrumentals, like May's and Anthony's, haven't yet come up with anything that's first-hand and great as *Don't Be That Way* was for Benny or *One O'Clock Jump* for Basie or *For Dancers Only* for Lunceford.

Accidental Instrumentals

Most bands nowadays will record an instrumental only for some circuitous reason. *Night Train* had become a hit on a small label rhythm-and-blues combo disc so it was decided to let Buddy Morrow jump aboard. The laugh is that the factor which made the tune a hit originally, the Jimmy Forrest tenor sound, is completely missing from Buddy's version, so the whole hit potential that caused Buddy to wax it in the first place is missing, and he could just as well have tried to create a new, original instrumental of his own.

Which gives us another reason to be thankful for Neal Hefti and for records like *Sure Thing*—an instrumental created by the band-leader. To quote another Hefti instrumental title—Why Not?

DID YOU KNOW that Lionel Barrymore is the composer of an opera, ballet, a fugue, and innumerable other symphonic and piano works?

DID YOU KNOW that Lena Horne made her first movie appearance 14 years ago in an independent production for Ralph Cooper, now a WOV disc jockey?

West Coast Is Jumping Onto Band Wagon

(Jumped from Page 2)

the same type of band ever since.

Sonny is tied up with the twice-weekly Peggy Lee CBS Show, but finds it profitable and pleasant to play casuals ("I like to get out and meet the people") with an 18-piece band (four trumpets, four trombones, five saxes, five rhythm, including an extra drummer who plays only the bongos and conga drums).

Said Sonny: "I play what I believe in. The exciting new influence in dance music coming to us from the Latin-American countries, the first real stimulus the band business has had since Benny Goodman ushered in the 'swing era' in 1935."

In the Van

Van Alexander, prominent for years as an arranger in all fields, and who was organizing a new band here at this writing is to open June 27 at the Last Frontier in Las Vegas under the nominal leadership of Lorraine Cugat, leans in the other direction. Alexander, who will hold his unit down to four saxes (with doubles), three brass and three rhythm, said:

"The day of the big band is over. The current trends call for smaller bands, both for reasons of economy and because the dancing public doesn't want the complicated, loud, brassy arrangements of the big band era even though musicians like to write and play them. If we're going to put the dance business back on its feet, we're going to have to play for the public."

DeVol Developments

Frank DeVol, who has developed a successful TV show built around his band and picked up (via KTTV) from the Lido ballroom in Long Beach, where he has been doing dance dates on Friday and Saturday nights, says the Lido will expand operations to at least four nights a week when he takes his summer lay-off from his daily CBS Show (Jack Smith-Dinah Shore-Ginny Simms). DeVol, who has a hand in the management of the Lido, will introduce something new by taking his own band out on Friday nights to play one-niters elsewhere. His explanation:

"I think Lido customers will be interested in hearing a different band one night a week, and our TV appearances have created a demand for the band on one-niters whereby it will be more profitable to take the outside engagements at least once a week." For details on DeVol's Lido ballroom band see *Down Beat* of April 18.)

Interesting New Bands

Among the new bands launched here recently, those arousing most interest are the units assembled by Jerry Fielding, music director of the Groucho Marx radio and TV shows and Paul Nero, the *Hot Canary* fiddler-composer.

Fielding, first to employ a Negro musician (Buddy Collette, sax & flute) regularly on a radio network show emanating from here, has



THREE STAR SPECIAL session took place at Decca recently when Artie Shaw was nominal leader of a band featuring the arrangements of Sy Oliver and the vocals of Trudy Richards, both shown with him here. Buddha-like figure at the left is Decca's Milton Gabler.

been one-nighting with a band which has been copping some top single engagements here, such as the annual Radio Writers Guild ball and similar assignments. He also has a contract to record for Standard Radio Transcriptions.

Nero, who recently resigned from his \$200 a week job as concertmaster of the RKO studio staff orchestra (see *Down Beat*, June 4) played one date in San Diego and has since been concentrating on landing a recording contract. He's using a relatively small and unusual combination (arrangements by himself and Paul Villepigue) comprised of one trumpet, one trombone, three saxes (alto, tenor, and baritone, with plenty of woodwind doubles), piano, bass (doubling tuba), drums and—on records—guitar.

Outlook Bright

The general feeling here is that the long-awaited "revival" of the dance band business is on its way. Buzz Adlam, ABC music director who one-nights the territory with a crack crew of studio and radio men, said:

"We like to play dance dates, because it's the best method for musicians to establish direct contact with the public. And I'm glad to state that I note real signs of interest such as I haven't felt in years on the part of the people we play for. We owe a lot to fellows like Jerry Gray, Frank DeVol, Billy May and others who did much to keep it alive when things were at their worst."

One Dissenter

One conductor-arranger who did not express any enthusiasm for dance band venturing was Capitol's Les Baxter, who will open July 3 at the Thunderbird, Las Vegas, with a special musical presentation he is producing. Baxter, who will use the Thunderbird's house orchestra plus a choral group and two Latin-rhythm drummers he will take from Hollywood, said:

"I'm glad my Capitol colleague Billy May is putting over his band, and say 'good luck' to any others who want to try it—but it's not for me. I'm planning to develop an organization for personal appearances, but it will be aimed at theaters, night clubs and concert halls."

Maynard-Kay In Big Debut

Hollywood—The new Maynard Ferguson band, with which ex-MGM starlet Kay Brown appears as a "Special Added Attraction," made its debut with a one-nighter May 9 at Balboa beach (for comment see *Caught in the Act*, this issue), reportedly outdrawing Les Brown who played the same spot a week before (but under less advantageous weather conditions for a beach spot).

Unit, which is handled by Hal Gordon, was immediately booked for a return date at Balboa June 21, was also set to share Spade Cooley's KTLA TV show on May 24 from the Santa Monica ballroom, and will appear at the same spot on Sunday, May 30, as a special holiday attraction. Dancery is ordinarily closed Fridays.

Lu Ann To Columbia

New York—Columbia Records has signed Lu Ann Simms to a term contract.

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Lake, Mich., 5/23-25; (Steel Pier) Atlantic
City, 6/20-26
Beckner, Denny (Sheppard AFB), Wichita
Falls, Tex., 8/11-13; (Jung) New Orleans,
8/20-21/16, h
Beneke, Tex (Steel Pier) Atlantic City,
6/13-15; (Domaine Ideal Beach) St. Rose
Est., Ontario, 6/17-23; (Walled Lake Cas-
cino) Walled Lake, Mich., 6/27-29; (Ara-
son) Chicago, 7/3-13; (Lakeide
Park) Denver, Colo., 7/24-8/6; (Rio Ni-
do) Rio Nido, Calif., 8/14-17, b; (St.
Francis) San Francisco, 9/9-10/8, h
Bishop, Billy (Schroeder) Milwaukee, 5/27-
6/8, h; (Dutch Mill) Delavan, Wis., 6/27-
7/10
Borr, Mischa (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brandwynne, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
h; (Shamrock) Chicago, 6/19, h; (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, In 9/1, h
Brown, Les (On Tour) ABC
Bruce, Johnny (Indiana Beach Resort)
Lake Shaffer, Ind., 6/13-23; (Peabody) Memphis
(Centennial Terrace) Toledo, Ohio, 6/27-
29 b

Callaway, Cab (Golden) Reno, 5/28-6/10, h
Carle, Frankie (Peony Park) Omaha, Neb.,
6/8, h; (Dutch Mill) Delavan, Wis., 6/27-
7/10
Carlyn, Tommy (Oh Henry) Chicago, In
7/9, b
Carson, Sal (Hoberg's Resort) Lake Coun-
ter, Calif., In 6/15
Chambliss, Eddy (Hot Hat) Dayton, Ohio,
In 6/5 nc
Clifford, Bill (Aragon) Chicago, 5/27-6/26,
b; (Edgewater Beach) Chicago, 6/13-
7/3; (Riveride) Reno, Nev., 7/17-8/13, h
Courtney, Del (Claremont) Berkeley, Calif.,
Out 6/15; (Youngs Bijou) Lake Tahoe,
Nev., 7/21-8/31
Cross, Bob (Jung) New Orleans, 5/28-6/24,
h
Cugat, Xavier (Baker) Dallas, 5/30-6/7, h;
(Edgewater Beach) Chicago, 6/13/15;
(Fox) San Francisco, 7/9-10, t; (State
Line Club) Lake Tahoe, Nev., 7/21-8/10;
(Paramount) Los Angeles 8/14-16, t;
(Stattler) Los Angeles, In 9/1, h
Cummins, Bernie (Arodisia) NYC, In 6/10,
Cunningham, Tommy (Claridge) Memphis,
5/30-6/19, h

Di Pardo, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City, Mo.,
Donahue, Al (Riveride) Reno, Nev., 5/22-
6/25, h
Dorsey Jimmy (On Tour) GAC
Dorso, Michael (CopaCabana) NYC, ne
Ellington, Duke (On Tour) ABC
Fields, Shep (Vogue Terrace) McKenport,
Pa., 6/9-15; (Hiawatha Gardens) Mani-
touw, Springs, Colo., 7/17-23; (Penny
Park) Omaha, Neb., 7/23-27; (Iroquois
Gardens) Louisville 8/4-10; (Coney Is-
land) Cincinnati, 8/15-21
Fins, Jack (Ballinese) Galveston, Out 6/12,
pc; (Palmer House) Chicago, In 9/18
Fisk Charlie (Stattler) Boston, Mass, h

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Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., In 5/22, h
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Fotina Larry (Palisades Park) N. J., 5/31-6/7; (Steel Pier) Atlantic City 6/16-20
Foster, Chas (Forest Park Highlands) St. Louis, 6/6-12; (Moonlight) Coney Island, Cincinnati, 6/13-19, b; (Indiana Beach) Monticello, Ind., 6/24-29; (Trianon) Chicago, In 7/1, b; (Peony Park) Omaha, Neb., 7/30-8/3; (Peabody) Memphis 8/25-9/20, h

Graye, Tony (Tip-Top) Flushing, N. Y., nc

Hampton Lionel (Apollo) NYC, 5/30-6/7, t
Hawkins Erskine (On Tour) MG
Hayes Sherman (D.A.C.) Detroit, Out 6/28; (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., 7/9-29, h
Heckscher Ernie (Fairmont) San Francisco, 6/13-15; (Fairmont) San Francisco 9/16-12/8, h
Hefti, Neal & Frances Wayne (Walled Lake Casino) Walled Lake, Mich., 6/6-8
Herman, Woody (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, NJ
Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC
Hines, Earl (On Tour) Los Angeles, 6/2-15, nc

Houston Joe (On Tour) RMA
Hudson, Dean (Surf Club) Virginia Beach, 5/29-6/3; (Jung) New Orleans, 7/25-7/22, h; (Sheppard AFB) Wichita, Tex., 7/27-8/3
Hunt, Pee Wee (Cavaca Club) Washington, 6/9-14, nc

Jacquet Illinois (Howard) Washington, D.C., Out 6/5, t; (Storyville) New Haven Conn., In 6/6 nc
James Harry (Flamingo) Las Vegas, Nev., 5/30-6/12, h
Jerome Henry (Edison) NYC, h
Johnson, Buddy (Savoy) NYC, 5/30-6/20, b
Jones, Spike (Cal-Neva) Lake Tahoe, Nev., 7/23-8/5; (Flamingo) Las Vegas, 8/7-20, nc

Jordan, Louis (On Tour) GAC

Kaye, Sammy (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, 8/22-28
Keene, Bob (Palladium) Hollywood
Kenton, Stan (On Tour) GAC
Kerns, Jack (Stork) Shreveport, La., Out 6/28, nc
King, Henry (Shamrock) Houston, 5/27-6/9, h; (State Line Club) Lake Tahoe, Nev., 7/11-8/1
Kinz, Wayne (On Tour) MCA

La Salle, Dick (Plaza) NYC, h; (Stattler) Washington, In 6/27, h; (Plaza) NYC, In 9/18, h
Lawrence, Elliott (Stattler) NYC, 6/2-6/29, h
Lewis, Ted (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, 5/27-6/23; (Riveride) Reno, 6/26-7/16, h
Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, Out 6/28, h
Long, Johnny (On Tour) GAC

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McCooy, Clyde (Plantation Club) Dallas, 6/1-4
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour) GAC
Marterie, Ralph (Meadowbrook) Cedar Grove, N. J., Out 6/11, rh
Martin, Freddy (Last Frontier) Las Vegas, 6/13-26, h; (Ambassador) Los Angeles, 7/10-10/29, h
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, In 6/8, h
May, Billy (Paramount) NYC, Out 6/10, t; (Meadowbrook) Cedar Grove, N. J., In 6/12, rh
Minnis, Bob (On Tour) JKA
Mooney, Art (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, 8/14
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour) GAC

Neighbours, Paul (Peony Park) Omaha, Neb., 6/10-22; (Elitch's Gardens) Denver, Colo., 6/24-7/1; (Walled Lake Casino) Walled Lake, Mich., 7/9-13; (Aragon) Chicago, 7/15-8/17, h; (Sheppard Beach Club) Wichita, Falls, Tex., 9/7-14; (Shamrock) Houston, 9/16-11/9, h; (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 11/13-1/7/53, h

O'Neal, Eddie (Palmer House) Chicago, Out 9/17, h

Parker, Charlie (Tiffany) Los Angeles, 6/29-6/14, nc
Parker, Tony (Peabody) Memphis, In 6/9, h
Pearl, Ray (Claridge) Memphis, 7/3-16, h
Perry, King (Rosaaron) Denver, Colo., Out 6/8
Pettit, Emil (Versailles) NYC, nc
Phillips, Teddy (Peabody) Memphis, 5/26-6/14, h; (Walled Lake Casino) Walled Lake, Mich., 7/2-6 & 7/9-10; (Cavalier Beach Club) Virginia Beach, 8/1-7; (Jung) New Orleans, 11/28-12/31, b
Powell, Teddy (New Yorker) NYC, Out 6/11, h
Prima, Louis (Rustic Cabin) Englewood, N. J., 6/20-6/29; (Steel Pier) Atlantic City 7/4-10; (Benchmoor) Wildwood, N. J., 7/17-23, h; (Stattler) NYC, 12/16-1/11/53, h

Prince, Tony (Indiana Beach Resort) Lake Shaffer, Ind., 6/30-6/11, b
Reed, Tommy (Sheppard AFB) Wichita Falls, Tex., 5/13-6/7; (Walled Lake Casino) Walled Lake, Mich., 6/18-22 & 6/25-26; (Oh Henry) Willow Springs, Ill., In 9/3, b
Renay, George (Fernwood) Bushkill, Pa., nc

Reynolds, Tommy (Roseland) NYC, b
Rich, Buddy (Domaine Ideal Beach) Ste. Rose Est., Quebec, 5/26-6/1; (U.S. Naval Air Station) Jacksonville, Fla., 6/16-18

Shaffer, Freddy (Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., Out 6/11
Spanier, Muggsy (Angelo's) Omaha, Neb., 6/5-18, cl
Spivak, Charlie (Lakeside Park) Denver, 5/23-6/1 & 6/26-7/3; (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, 8/16-21; (Stattler), NYC, 1/12/53-2/5/53, h
Stratner, Ted (La Rue's) NYC, nc
Strong, Benny (Elitch's Gardens), Denver, 5/12-6/7; (Palladium) Hollywood, 6/17-7/13; (Mark Hopkins) San Francisco, 7/22-8/11, h
Sudy, Joseph (Schroeder) Milwaukee, 6/10-22, h

Tucker, Orrin (Stevens) Chicago, Out 6/4, h; (Claremont) Berkeley, Calif., 6/17-8/10, h

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Valdes, Miguelito (Fairmont) San Francisco, 6/10-8/14, h

Wald, Jerry (Boulevard) Queens, N. Y., In 6/1, nc
Watkins, Sammy (Stattler) Cleveland, h
Weems, Ted (Forest Park Highlands) St. Louis, 5/30-6/5; (Elitch's Gardens) Denver, Colo., 6/8-22; (Hiawatha Gardens) Manitou Springs, Colo., 6/24-29; (Dutch Mill) Delavan, Wis., 7/11-16; (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 7/21-8/3, h
Wilke, Ran (Jung) New Orleans, 6/23-7/20, h
Williams, Griff (Purdue University) Lafayette, Ind., 6/11-16; (Cavalier Beach Club) Virginia Beach, 7/13-24
Williams, Sherman (On Tour) RMA
Williams, Les (Excelsior) Excelsior, Minn., 4/25-9/6, h
Winburn, Anna Mae (On Tour) RMA

Combos

Airplane Trio (Dixie) NYC, Out 6/23, h
Armstrong, Gene (On Tour) MG
Armstrong, Louis (Fox) Detroit, 5/30-6/6, t; (Seville) Montreal, 6/12-19, t

Brisick Trio, Joe (Holiday Inn) Elizabeth, N. J., 4/1-6/24, cl
Brown, Charles, (Glenon's) Cleveland, 6/9-22
Brubeck, Dave (Black Hawk) San Francisco, 5/27-7/22, nc
Buoy's Trio, Normandine (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, h

Campbell Quartette, Hal (Elmo Club) Billings, Mont.
Chansonnaires Trio (Sapphire Room) Los Angeles
Continental (Landis Tavern) N. J., rh

Davis, Tiny (Musical Bar) Philadelphia, 5/26-6/7, nc; (Trocaeria) Columbus, 6/9-22, nc
Dominoes (On Tour) ABC

Tips To Trumpeters

By CHARLES COLIN

Well, here we take off on the subject of mouthpieces, probably one of the most controversial subjects common to trumpeters. Even sax men have been known to engage in strenuous debate over the relative merits of one kind of facing as against another.

However, we'll let the sax section battle it out to their heart's desire while we give our attentions to that small bit of metal about which the late teacher, Max Schlossberg, once said, "A new mouthpiece is like a new pair of shoes. If it doesn't fit, one should be wise enough to immediately feel and tell the difference."

At the outset, I would like to point out that definite limitations are involved in any change of mouthpiece inasmuch as it entails working on and exercising new muscle tissues. Moreover, it will not translate incompetence into competence.

Lip Consciousness

Neither will it take the form of a cure-all, nor will it remedy a lack of coordinated development of correct lip formation. Neither will it bring into play the tongue muscles or correct one's breathing.

Generally speaking, if there is a possibility of avoiding it, experts in the field do not advise a change of mouthpiece because of the possibility a student may become un-

easy in his mind due to lip consciousness.

Yet, there are many instances where a change of mouthpiece has worked wonders in the development of an extraordinary lip, especially when the dimensions of a new mouthpiece happened to strike a happy medium to one's natural way of performing.

Here are some of the factors that must be considered when changing your mouthpiece. The rim, for example, might need to be thinner or wider; the cup might need to be shallower or deeper; or the throat and backbore might need to be more open or closed.

All the Risks

In altering a mouthpiece, the slightest change in any one of these factors might shift one's embouchure to a completely different set of muscles. It also has a definite reaction on breath control. Even the most minute change in the dimension of a new mouthpiece causes a shift to fresh lip muscles which can easily result in painfully puffed, swollen lips. A further risk involves a sacrifice of tone, range and endurance.

Yet, on the other side of the ledger there is a great possibility of a revolutionary change resulting in an increased range, brilliance of tone, power and endurance. Since a change of mouthpiece is both a complex and delicate problem, don't try it without the sage advice of a competent instructor. Because of his years of experience in the examination and correction of countless hundreds of cases, he is the one who can guide you towards successful solution of your mouthpiece problems.

(Ed. Note: Send questions to Charles Colin, 111 W. 48th street, New York. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.)

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Record Reviews

(Jumped from Page 11)

fabulous fingers. He's backed by Charlie Mingus, Charlie Smith and Billy Taylor, who has a brief solo on both sides.

Pettiford combines the best of Charlie Christian and Jimmy Blanton. It's good to have him back on wax. (Roost 546.)

Piano Stylists

- * *A Bag Of Rags* (Ash)
- ** *I'll Be Seeing You* (Stacy)
- *** *St. Louis Blues* (Slack)
- *** *Theme To The West* (Kenton)
- *** *Cuban Pete* (Mel F.)
- *** *Return Trip* (Cole)
- *** *You Took Advantage Of Me* (Tatum)
- * *Battin' The Boogie* (Joshua Johnson)

Marvin Ash plays a ragtime tune so corny and crude that Jelly Roll Morton could have written it. Jess Stacy is annotated as "the man with the light and easy touch," which is about the last thing he could be called, as his heavy-handed handling of the pretty ballad shows.

Slack's piano has nothing special to say, but Benny Carter, who's in the all-star band surrounding him, obviously wrote the good arrangement that saves the day. *Theme*, a reissue, is a 1947 mood piece by Kenton and Rugolo that sets off Stan's piano pleasantly.

Pete has some oddly atypical, heavy Mel Powell, with a good tenor solo by Bumps Meyers and some trumpet, probably Chuck Gentry. This is a 1947 side. *Return Trip* is a wonderful reminder of the old King Cole Trio. Made in 1947 with Irving Ashby and Johnny Miller, it has a cute melody and splendid piano and guitar solos.

Advantage is not Tatum at his ultimatum, but it's still Art, with a big and a small A. Last side is somebody from Kansas City battling out some labored, lifeless boogie with a drummer who sounds like a clockwork nightmare. (Capitol H 323.)

Bobby Sherwood

Sherwood's Forest
Swingin' at the Semloh
Cotton Tail
Walkin' and Talkin'
The Elks' Parade
Bugle Call Rag
Poor Little Rich Girl
Makin' Whoopee

Album Rating: ***

This LP, which includes several previously unissued sides, is a reminder of the variety of styles Bobby had during his bandleading career. Records at seven different sessions between 1942 and 1947, the eight numbers range from almost-Dixieland (*Elks'*) to almost-Kenton (*Forest*).

Bobby plays trumpet on most sides, but *Semloh* is, of course, his well-known guitar solo and one of the pleasantest numbers in the collection.

Sherwood was, and doubtless still is, a talented musician and arranger. It's too bad that none of the styles he tried ever made a niche for him in the maestro racket. However, they make an unusual collection for an LP. (Capitol H 320.)

Art Tatum

Yesterday
Willow Weep For Me
Kerry Dance
The Man I Love
I Know That You Know
Humoresque
Tatum-Pole Boogie
How High The Moon
Someone To Watch Over Me

Album Rating: ****

Cut at a Gene Norman concert at the Shrine Auditorium in L.A., May 1949, these are mainly things Art has made before on other labels, but since the original versions are hard to get this will be a welcome item.

Performances have some imperfections that would have been cleaned up by extra takes had Art been in a studio. *Kerry Dance*, the shortest bit of the lot, is a delightful whimsy. Recording, by concert standards, is very good. (Columbia GL 101.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Stash Carter

*** 5-10-15

** *I Didn't Go to Your Wedding*

Accompaniment gets a Billy Mayish reed sound on the numerical blues. Stash, a personable singer from Cleveland, does a competent job. The coupling, a ballad with strings, is a bit too pretentious. (Mercury 5845.)

Five Keys

**** *Mistakes*

*** *How Long*

Tenor voice carries the load on both sides. Either song could make a commercial hit for this group. *Mistakes*, which starts slow but doubles into a beat on the second chorus, is slightly the more interesting of the pair. (Aladdin 3131.)

Panama Francis

** *Darkness on The Delta*

** *Benson's Groove*

Delta is an alto solo by Hilton Jefferson. Close to Benny Carter in clean musicianship and general style and tone. Not an r & b performance, but a straight melodic ballad solo, it will interest alto students. Reverse is an ordinary jump blues, r & b style. (Apollo 811.)

John Greer

**** *Lonesome and Blue*

*** *I Need You*

The band sounds big, rich and full on *Lonesome*, which is sung by Greer and

Damita Jo in thirds. *I Need You* is a very similar type of tune, faster-paced. Both worthy juke-box sides, with added value in a touch of tenor sax on the second. (Victor 20-4685.)

Peppermint Harris

*** *Right Back on It*

**** *Maggie's Boogie*

Right is a mournful lament of the cat who can't stay away from that lush. Accompaniment is so skimpy it sounds like a demonstration record, however, Harris delivers the lyrics with his usual effective matter-of-factness.

Boogie brings him more actively to life,



BOSTIC IS BACK—miraculously recovered from the automobile accident that felled him a few months ago, altoist-maestro Earl Bostic is shown on his first record date since his recovery, with King Records' rhythm and blues a & r man Ralph Bass.

with much more efficient shuffle-boogie band backing by Maxwell Davis. (Aladdin 3130.)

George James

*** *Slow And Easy*

*** *Forgive Me*

James' alto highlights a rich-sounding boogieish blues and a ballad. Howard Biggs' orchestra supplies the setting. Good musicianship by James, especially on the ballad, though not too much commercial attraction. (Victor 20-467.)

Buddy Johnson

**** *I Don't Know What's Troublin' Your Mind*

**** *My Aching Heart*

Year in and year out, Buddy writes the same sort of simple blues-tinted trifles, his sister sings them in the same laconic manner, and the integration between Buddy's lyrics, music and arrangements and Ella's interpretation remains perfect.

And yet again, on the other side you find a ballad sung in the robust voice of Arthur Prysock. (Decca 28165.)

Louis Jordan

**** *Jordan for President*

*** *Oil Well, Texas*

The presidential novelty is one heck of a cute topical trifle penned by the maestro himself. *Oil Well* is a rousing jump thing with an amusing lyric and some of Louis' breezy, beatful alto. (Decca 28225.)

Louis Jordan

***** *Junco Partner*

*** *Azure Te*

Junco, done as a rumba with Louis and the Tympany Five, is one of those rare combinations, a musical and commercial delight. It's loaded with atmosphere and personality and a sure hit.

The Bill Davis opus doesn't come off quite as effectively in this vocal version, but it's still at least average Jordan. (Decca 28211.)

Kalvin Brothers

*** *Somewhere in Korea*

** *Please Don't Leave Me*

These are five for-real brothers from Brooklyn, one of whom dominates the tear-jerking Korean story. Disc is reportedly catching on in Cleveland and, with work, could make an r & b stir. Other side is relatively tame. (Roost 549.)

Annie Laurie

*** *Lonesome and Blue*

** *I Don't Get My Kicks Anymore*

Still another good record of *Lonesome*, and perhaps an unusual one in that the singer doesn't sing a duet with herself; just a one-track voice. *Kicks* is a Howard Biggs-Joe Thomas blues. Danny Kessler, Okeh's a & r man, gets leader credit on the first side. (Okeh 6882.)

Bette McLaurin

***** *I May Hate Myself in the Morning*

** *I Hear a Rhapsody*

Bette, with the assistance of writers Benjamin and Weiss on the vocal, may wake up in the morning to find herself with the number one song in the country. *Rhapsody* is given a quiet reading with the aid of Rex Kearney Orch. (Derby 790.)

Chris Powell

*** *Darn That Dream*

**** *Idea Red*

The style that has now become a staple with both Powell and Georgie Auld is repeated on *Dream*, with Vance Wilson's tenor playing melody against a vocal group background. Chris sings *Idea*, a cute item with original lyrics and Latin rhythms, plus some good muted trumpet. Both sides should nab plenty of nickels. (Okeh 6875.)

Sugar Tones

*** *Wishin'*

** *Today Is Your Birthday*

The Sugar Tones, with string accompaniment, do a lilting pop treatment of a pop bouncer on the top deck, though the r&b "feel" is accomplished throughout.

Birthday is done in Ink Spots style. The Ink Spots do this kind of thing much better. (Okeh 6877.)

RAGTIME MARCHES ON

LOST HARMONY

ARABIA—Mari from Phil Arabia, April 28, in Evansville, Indiana. Phil plays drums with Louis Prima.

NEW NUMBERS

CAIRNS—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Cairns, May 5 in Chicago. Father is Chicago professional manager for Broadcast Music, Inc.

GRUNFELD—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grunfeld, April 21 in New York. Father is emcee-producer of "Music Magazine" on WQXR, N. Y.

KETTERING—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kettering, May 2 in Glendale, Calif. Dad is night club editor of the L. A. Mirror,

mother is the former Shirley Deane, a singer.

MILLS—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Mills, May 12 in New York. Dad is professional manager of Mills Music.

RASBURY—A daughter, Deborah Jo (8 lbs. 5 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. David Rasbury, April 16. Dad plays trombone with Tiny Hill.

SCHMITT—A daughter, Mary Eleanor, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schmitt, May 4 in Houston. Dad is musical director for KPRC and KPRC-TV in Houston.

MANCINI—Twins to Hank and Ginny (formerly Ginny O'Connor) Mancini, May 4, in Los Angeles. Dad is arranger (for Toni Harper's p.a. dates and same for many top singers) is currently on scoring assignment at Universal-International studios.

BLACK—To Lee and Sandy Black, boy, (6 lbs. 5 oz.), in Brooklyn, N.Y.C. May 1st. Sandy plays bass with Stanley Melba at the Pierre and records with Sy Oliver.

TIED NOTES

CUGAT-LANE—Xavier Cugat, band leader, and Abbe Lane, vocalist, May 5 in Miami Beach.

DENNIS-BRADFORD—Bobby Dennis, singing comedian, and Jean Bradford, member of vocal duo, April 18 in Cheshire, England.

KNIGHT-HEATH—John Terry Knight, singer on Horace Heidt TV show, and

Geraldine L. Heath, April 27 in Long Beach, Calif.

TUCCI-SLEVAN—Pat Tucci, member of Tommy Carlyn orch., and Joan Alicia Slevan, dancer, May 3 in Pittsburgh.

CALLIAS-SCHAFFERNAK—Charlie Callias to Evelyn Schafferak May 19, in upper N.Y. State. Charlie plays drums with Bernie Cummins at the Arcadia Ballroom. Evelyn is secretary at Prudential Life.

PITMAN-JONES—Dave Pitman to Gloria Jones, March 18, on Bride & Groom program in N.Y.C. Dave plays trombone with Ray McKinley.

PERRY-ARVANITAS—Ernie Perry to Sophie Arvanitas, May 11, in Boston, Mass. Ernie plays tenor on gigs around Boston, was formerly with Ray McKinley.

MARTIN-BRAUN—Ralph Martin to Betty Braun, June 7, in N.Y.C. Ralph plays piano with Johnny Bond at the Blue Haven, Jackson Heights. Both leave for Florida where Ralph will form own combo, also honeymoon.

FINAL BAR

ANDERSON—Fred C. Anderson, 58, formerly with Tom Klefer's orch., May 6 in New York.

BENZING—Adolph Benzing, 77, former Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra clarinetist, April 27 in Springfield, Ohio.

CAMPBELL—Big Bill Campbell, 61, radio cowboy and singer, recently in Ipswich, England.

CLAYTON—Florence Andrews Clayton, 89, former opera contralto, April 27 in Minneapolis.

CONWAY—Steve Conway, 31, leading British vocalist, April 19 in London.

COON—Adelbert B. (Dell) Coon, 50, former orchestra leader, May 2 in Round Lake, Ill.

DE CHIRICO—Andrea De Chirico, 60, composer, writer and painter, May 6 in Rome.

FOSTER—Frank Foster, 47, head of General Artists' Corporation's Dallas branch, May 4 in Dallas.

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Sparks, But No Fireworks Due At Convention

(Jumped from Page 1)

AFM boss Jimmy Petrillo may or may not know it, but never have there been so many rumblings of discontent, at least in this territory, with the local and national policies of the musicians' union. However, due to the unwholesome fear of voicing outright criticism of top union officials (a situation that exists in many labor bodies) the dissidents say they dare not come out into the open with their complaints.

One very well known musician, who, as usual, declined to be quoted, put it this way:

"The convention will be just another jolly party this year with a lot of fun for the delegates and much big talk. As far as the rank and file is concerned, Petrillo will be just as far away from us when he's within talking distance as he is when he's in New York. But we still have hope that he will unbend while he is here and listen openly to some good honest criticism and some sincere suggestions for the betterment of the music profession."

ASMA Scheme

ASMA spokesmen declined to reveal details of the plan they hope to present to the convention. The arrangers are particularly opposed to the use of recorded bridges and cues on radio and TV drama shows, a steadily growing trend. One told Down Beat:

"Most of that music is original and its use could be controlled through the usual copyright protection. This in turn would protect the performing musicians. But we (the arranger-composers) are forced to sign agreements when it is used under which we relinquish all rights 'in return for \$1 and other considerations.' If we refuse, we know we won't be hired again. The pay-off is that generally we don't even get that \$1 mentioned in the agreement."

TV Royalty May Come Up

So far Petrillo has taken no action, as far as is known here, on the recent petition with signatures of some 2,000 Hollywood musicians, in which he was asked to modify the AFM's 5% royalty demand on telefilm producers employing "live" musicians to soundtrack their pictures. Musicians here contend that the plan is costing them thousands of dollars in lost employment (Down Beat, May 21) because all but a handful—a diminishing handful—of telefilm producers are turning to the unlimited supply of library soundtrack. It is believed Petrillo may present some new plan to the Santa Barbara convention for consideration.

New York—The touring Symphony Sid jazz show has been signed by Atlantic to cut some sides. The group on the first session will include J. J. Johnson, Zoot Sims, Miles Davis, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, and Teddy Clark.

Strip's Crescendo Bows In Brightly With B And Brubeck

Hollywood—The Sunset Strip's new Crescendo, a singer's showcase if ever there was one, launched by Harry Steinman with co-owner Billy Eckstine, the Dave Brubeck quartet and the Walter Gross trio as opening attractions, got off to a flying start, with first few nights marked by an over-flow lineup of prospective patrons that stretched at times almost 100 yards west to Charlie Morrison's Mocambo.

Spot is tastefully ornate even by Hollywood standards, unusual ideas in decor extending to the men's room, where a pin-up wall portrait had the boys babbling to themselves. Gals said there were interesting discoveries to be made in the lady's department, too, but didn't give details.

Trio For Mr. B

Eckstine was backed by a trio assembled for the occasion by his pianist, Bobby Tucker, who was assisted by Lee Young, drums, and Billy Hadnott, bass.

Brubeck's unit, playing its first local engagement before a typical

Sunset Strip crowd (where only big-name singers and dance bands sticking to the simplest styles in music generally find acceptance) aroused polite curiosity, and only that, among most of the patrons on opening night, and it wasn't hard to deduce that the tuneless ticklings of Walter Gross and his trio were more listenable (or less distracting) to the general run of this type of patronage. Nevertheless, the batch of big-time studio musicians who caught the Brubeck quartet before he closed seemed to be greatly impressed.

Ravazza Coming

Carl Ravazza was to take over the solo spot (there is no dancing) May 29, with Gross a holdover in the upstairs Interlude Room. Andre Previn was up for the instrumental feature to follow Brubeck, but at deadline Andre's MGM bosses couldn't make up their minds whether the young pianist could be excused from his film scoring duties at this time.

—gem

Birdlandish Bistros Boom; Make New Music Market

(Jumped from Page 1)

stimulate and expand this market. "Little by little, the other towns broke down and started the same kind of joints. Today even a town like Columbus, Ohio, which used to be a notoriously bad town for dancers, now has a club that spends as much as \$2,000 a week for music talent in a club that has no dancing. It's strictly a sit-down thing in all these places—like a concert presentation."

When a local club can't afford the budget for a name combo or band, Siders added, the policy is sometimes established gently by first booking a jazz name as a single, backed by a local rhythm section. When this proves successful, they often come around later to booking whole units.

Single Stars

At present Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Charlie Parker, Oscar Pettiford, Terry Gibbs, Beryl Booker, Mary Lou Williams, Don Elliott, Morris Lane, Slim Gaillard are all being booked mainly as singles, mostly in spots of this kind.

Where originally they could only play New York and a couple of isolated others such as Billy Berg's in Hollywood, today acts of this kind can find dozens of outlets.

In Philadelphia alone there are the Rendezvous, the Club Harlem, the Blue Note, the Show boat and Pep's. Chicago has had, on and off, the Blue Note, the Hi-Note, the Silhouette, the Capitol and several more. Los Angeles has the Tiffany, the Oasis and the Waldorf Cellar. Other spots have opened up in Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Milwaukee, St. Paul and a dozen other cities that a few years ago would have laughed at the idea of using straight jazz as customer bait.

No Barriers

An important factor, too, has been the incidence of 25 percent or more Negro patronage in most of these clubs where once they were either barred as patrons or at best represented a fragmentary segment of the business. Some clubs especially in the bigger cities, have as high as 50 percent colored trade for certain attractions.

Maybe it's only coincidental, but the south hasn't followed the rest of the country in creating jazz niteries. The mixed audience question undoubtedly is one reason, though the main factor, according to the bookers, is that southern

audiences are much more limited in their musical tastes, and of course southern Negro audiences are largely confined to the blues.

Even in cities like St. Paul and Milwaukee there has been some trouble when bigoted club managers or prejudiced customers have caused attempts to discourage or bar Negro patronage. This, happily, is a minor problem by now, most of the clubs having opened their cash registers gladly to rake in the loot from hands of all complexions.

It's Spreading

A perfect example of the gradual inroads being made, thanks to offices like Shaw, Gale, Glaser, Bart and others who want to create new markets, is the situation in Cleveland. Since Lindsay's Sky Bar started going for names, at least four other spots have become identified with either jazz or rhythm-and-blues shows.

In Boston, the graduation of Storyville from a Dixieland to a predominantly modern music policy has resulted in a decision by the operator, former pianist George Wein, to open another Storyville in New Haven and to consider opening up a whole chain of similar establishments around New England.

Even though many of these clubs are not large enough to present big bands, they are creating, between them, enough work to compensate for the paucity of good name bands in which a jazz star can work nowadays.

In other words, no matter whether or how much the band business is coming back, here is a phase of business that isn't merely coming back; it's coming up from out of nowhere, and it looks as though it's here to stay.

Tutti To Mills

New York—Tutti Camarata has signed a long-term composer's contract with Mills Music. His deal with Mills covers mainly his attempts at serious composition along the lines of his Rumbalero. Mills specializes in this type of publishing, having to its current credits the works of Leroy Anderson.

Camarata, a Decca recording artist and music director, will be handed exploitation similar to that given Anderson.

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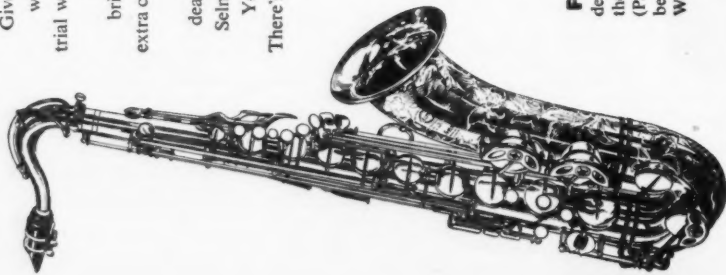
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On The Cover Doris Day

(A Guy Is a Guy, Copyright 1952, Ludlow Music Corp.)

